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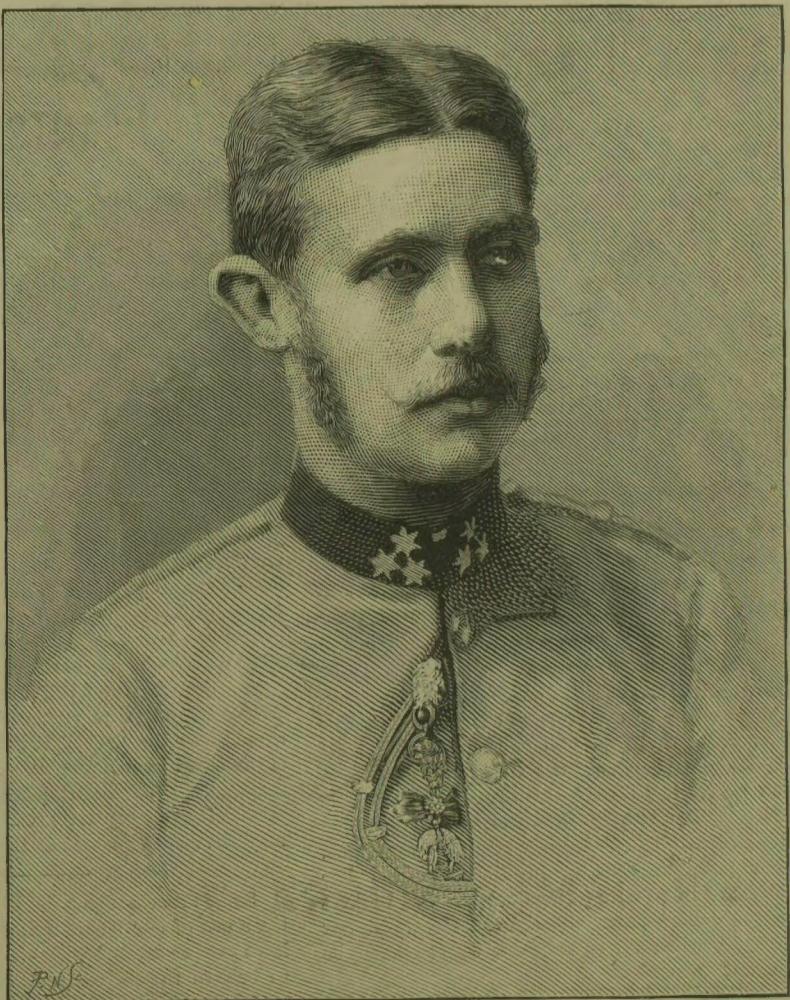
TWO WHOLE SHEETS } SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½D.

SOME OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF AUSTRIA.



ARCHDUCHESS STÉPHANIE, WIDOW OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.

ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH, ONLY CHILD OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH.



ARCHDUKE KARL LUDWIG, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE AUSTRIAN CROWN.

ARCHDUKE FRANCIS, ELDEST SON OF KARL LUDWIG.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is so easy now-a-days for a man to gain the honours of martyrdom without its inconveniences, that the action of the Edinburgh Town Council in refusing to admit a monument to "Greyfriars' Bobby" in Greyfriars' Churchyard seems, at first sight, churlish. If "Bobby" had been a policeman their objection would have been intelligible enough (for the "Bobbies," though often murdered, are never martyred); but he was only a dog, who, according to the inscription proposed to be placed over his cenotaph, "would have no home but on the grave of his beloved master, until death relieved his faithful watch." This, "on Sicilian marble," would, no doubt, have looked exceedingly well; but it appears from the evidence that the only substance that would have been suitable for it would have been brass. The dog in question, whose touching history has drawn so many tears from childish eyes, never had a "beloved master"; and merely used one of the flat stones in the churchyard as a cover from the wet at night. He was owned by nobody, but took his meals, like a dog-about-town as he was, at a fashionable restaurant, whose proprietor had a liking for him. From beginning to end the whole story was a sentimental invention; and it is pleaded with truth that it would be very improper to set up a monument to such an impostor, in a spot where it might divide the sympathies of visitors with the Martyrs' Memorial. Moreover, the dog has already got his tombstone outside the Greyfriars. Long subscriptions from children for this absurd object have, it seems, been collected, "chiefly in the neighbourhood of Tunbridge Wells"; and, in declining them, one regrets that the Town Council has not suggested "The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" as an alternative object for this juvenile munificence. For my part, though a lover of dogs, I gave them up as embodiments of the higher emotions when I learnt from a Westmorland "statesman" how the faithful sentinel over the remains of his master on Helvellyn, immortalised by Scott and Wordsworth, supported himself during the winter months.

It is observable that the seismic seizures of the earth always take place at a time when the British Parliament is not sitting. Earthquakes swallow up populations, volcanoes become abnormally active, when we have the leisure to observe them; which is egotistic on their part, but very judicious and convenient. The earth is quiet in our own vicinity; the only use of our English earthquake, it has been cynically said, is to prove the domestic character of native observers. *Paterfamilias* then writes to the papers: "My wife and I had retired to rest at our usual early hour, &c.," when the catastrophe takes place, and the bells ring and the clocks stop. The narrative of the gentleman, whom "the earth rose up against and hit him in the face" on his returning home from dinner, has always wanted scientific corroboration. But from abroad come the most interesting details of these phenomena just when they are wanted. The best account of such matters I ever read appeared in a London daily paper last week. Instead of the scene being laid in Japan or New Zealand, as usual, the antics of Mother Earth were described as taking place so near home as Canada: there was a subsidence of such an amazing nature that "chimneys become wells and brick wells chimneys." The shocks were of course "awful," but observe the admirable manner in which Nature's system of compensation was carried out. The changes, though startling, were effected in such a manner that they really didn't matter. We shall probably have news of a similar kind after Parliament is prorogued, but it is impossible it can beat this.

It has been lately stated, in humorous illustration of the indifference with which Frenchmen regard everything out of France, that the circumstance of a dog being run over in the streets of Paris would excite its inhabitants more than the election of a President in the United States. And, indeed, though we English are described as "insular," it is not necessary to live on an island in order to have one's attention a good deal monopolised by one's own affairs. What is more curious is the lack of public sympathy in any catastrophe, even if it affects our own people, which happens at some distance, and (especially) of which we have no details. Every week, I suppose, there is some vessel or another "given up" at Lloyd's, of which we read the headlines, "Missing Ship," with little more emotion than that of "Lost Dog." If the catastrophe takes place off Dungeness or Beachy Head, it makes some sensation, but none at all if in the China Seas; and in no case does the barometer of horror at a marine disaster rise to the same height as that of a railway accident of the same proportions. The emotions of the soul are strangely confined within the limits of time and space and circumstance; and the noblest of virtues in a Roman—patriotism—if not absolutely impossible, in a citizen of the Republic of San Marino would have been ridiculous.

A Bill now before the Nevada Legislature makes it a misdemeanour, we are told, for anybody to wear a hat higher than three inches in any theatre of the State. It is said to be very dangerous for any Ruler to carry out such social edicts (through one of which even Peter the Great was shaken on his throne); but, I confess, I should like to see a Government strong enough to do it. Let us begin, however, at the right end. If tall head-dresses are to be cut down, why not long trains, over which your petitioner has many times had his life endangered when moving (with difficulty) in the highest circles? And why should not the umbrella idiot, by whom our eyesight is imperilled whenever we take our walks abroad, be similarly dealt with?

Some hospitable friends of mine who had asked a young Irish lady staying in London to dinner, found that she had a sister also visiting in town, though at another house, and invited her also. They flattered themselves it would be an agreeable surprise to both of them. When the first arrived they told

her what they had done: "Oh, thank you," said she; "it was so like your kindness and forethought—only, unfortunately, Nora and I don't speak." A husband and wife, under the same silent system, went out to a party together the other night designedly, because it was probably less embarrassing than sitting at home. In returning, however, the idea of any more of each other's society became insupportable, and the gentleman got on one bus and the lady on another; and then, because she was fifteen minutes later in getting back than he, he locked her out. It seems hard to make a lady passenger responsible for the speed of an omnibus to Highbury.

The publication of a newspaper in London seven days a week has caused a commotion—when one considers the whole circumstances of the matter—somewhat disproportionate to its importance. When the Primate of England and the Bishop of London take to protesting against it, one would think that matters must be serious indeed: the more especially since it is not done upon religious grounds. It is not because the *New York Herald* is published on a Sunday as well as week days, but because it is published every day, that the Bishops have become dissenters. To have taken the other line, was, in truth, impossible, since not only are there many Sunday newspapers published in England, but it is notorious that all Monday morning papers must be brought out by Sunday labour. What astonishes me, however, in this controversy is the inconsistency of those who denounce this "new departure" in journalism, while at the same time they opposed, tooth and nail, Sir John Lubbock's philanthropic efforts to reduce the excessive hours of toil. In fourteen and even sixteen hours of incessant work they saw nothing iniquitous; to compel the employers of labour to give their miserable slaves time to snatch a little profit or pleasure, was termed without consciousness of irony, "an unpardonable interference with the liberty of the subject." No episcopal pens were set in motion against a system which excludes tens of thousands of our fellow-creatures, for six days a week, from friendship, love, culture, relaxation, and all that makes life worth the living. "Methinks they" now "protest too much." I know nothing of the newspaper which has aroused their zeal; but its defence is that it works none of its people six days a week, but that each of them has a rest-day. If that is the case, and the working hours on the other six are not excessive, I confess, except from the Sabbatarian point of view—which is sedulously suppressed—I cannot see what crime it has committed. The idea of Sunday employment is detestable, because it suggests that our present system of over-work may be adopted on that day, as well as upon the other six, which would indeed render existence intolerable; but if our London shopmen and shopwomen were asked their opinion on the matter, I am much mistaken if they would not prefer seven days a week of reasonable working hours to six of hurtful and oppressive toil and one of total idleness, which exhaustion forbids them to enjoy.

Mr. George Grossmith, a very popular gentleman, and who, presumably, goes a great deal into society, has been making public his views upon round dances, from "the waltz" (in smart circles called "vass"), "that loveth the lady's waist," down to the go-as-you-please polka. In the uppermost circles dancers "let themselves go," it seems; while in Kensington-gore and Bayswater they assume a dignified demeanour, and ignore the "light fantastic toe." He is far, however, from ascribing to them the grace which the poet accords to the performers of the "high-stepping minuet, face to face, mutual worship of conscious grace"; he says they have a "flat-footed slide, which comes from Boston." This is interesting, yet very much less so than the practical remarks he has to offer upon the subject; he tells us that "if a woman is really fond of dancing, and a young man, tolerably good-looking, with £300 (or even £200) a year is also fond of it, she will prefer him to another young man with £1000 a year who is not a dancing man." This takes one's breath away like the old galopade, "strange agreeable tramp, made of a scrape, a hobble, and stamp."

I now only dance with the gout, or from an occasional engagement," made involuntarily, with the cramp in my calf; but if my youth were to come over again, I should know which of my tutors to give most attention to: it would be the gentleman with the fiddle, who used to come thrice a week to our genteel academy, and put his pumps on in the dining-room. All one cares for (at that age) is to be popular with the fair sex. On the other hand, I am not sure that this authoritative view of the attractions of the dancing-man in the eyes of the dancing-girl adds to her reputation. It certainly shows some deficiency in forethought: for even the happiest and most agile pair—such as "would not tread a cowslip on the head, though they should dance from eve to peep of day"—can hardly expect to dance for ever. In ten years, or fifteen at farthest, the lady will be a "wallflower"; and the gentleman become too fat—though he would hardly do that on £200 a year—or prefer dancing with a younger partner. Then, I fear, her memory will revert with a pang to the gentleman with the £1000 a year, who always "sat out," and confined his exercise to the use of his knife and fork at supper. Mr. Grossmith's revelations throw an interesting light upon the reason why "detrimentals" are so fond of going to balls: the young ladies they meet there, and who "doat on dancing," may have £1000 a year of their own.

Some months ago "the British matron" was a target for the scorn of our smart writers; now it is her daughters. We have ever so many highly-cultured persons telling them how to behave themselves, and why it is they are not sought in matrimony. Even critics on the other side of the Atlantic have been so good as to point out their defects. They are, probably, not faultless; but I am still old-fashioned enough to think a young English gentlewoman, I don't say is more attractive than a girl of any other race, for such comparisons are odious, but is a very charming person. Some of them do

not sparkle in conversation; but we cannot all be critics and correspondents to the papers, who, on the other hand, are not always modest and anxious to please, which goes some way towards making oneself agreeable. Our young ladies may be a little too much given to talk about the aristocracy, public amusements, and the weather; but I don't find young gentlemen so desperately clever. They speak of their bags of game, the breaking down of Cynthia in her gallop, and the wonderful wine that Jones of "the Parthenon" gave them the other night. And they are not nearly so pretty to look at. For my part I like kindness (when it is not artful) and gentleness and good-humour, and (especially if a spic of drollery is added) prefer them to too much omniscience and a general contempt for things. That a girl's conversation is heavily handicapped is not her fault, nor is it one we would wish amended; but when she is natural she is almost always pleasant, which certainly cannot be said of all of us who are even philosophers. My experience of the highly-cultivated young person—such as some would wish all our English girls to be—is that she does not "wear that weight of learning like a flower"; or, if she does, it is the hollyhock. "Heavily hangs the hollyhock; heavily hangs the tiger-lily."

## THE COURT.

The Queen, with whom were the Empress Frederick and her daughters and Princess Beatrice, visited the Isle of Wight Infirmary, at Ryde, on Feb. 7. The Royal party drove over from Osborne, and were received by the committee of the charity and the medical staff. At her Majesty's request, the arrangements were made as simple and quiet as possible. The party went over a new wing and passed through the wards, the German Empress taking great interest in the patients and addressing a few kindly words to each. The Queen accepted a bouquet from the matron and nurses, and expressed her gratification and her pleasure at learning that such a well-managed hospital received patients from all parts of the Isle of Wight. After inscribing their names in the visitors' book the Royal party drove through the town and afterwards returned by road to Osborne. The Earl of Onslow arrived at Osborne and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the members of the Royal family. The Queen went out on the morning of the 8th, accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Prussia, and the Empress Frederick went out with Princess Margaret of Prussia. Lady Paget had the honour of dining with their Majesties the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. The Queen and Princess Victoria of Prussia drove out on the 9th, attended by the Hon. Frances Drummond. The Duchess of Albany, with the young Duke and Princess Alice of Albany, arrived at Osborne, attended by Sir Robert Collins. The Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury also arrived, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Royal family. Captain Brooke, C.B., commanding H.M.S. Invincible, guard-ship at Cowes, had also the honour of being invited. The Marquis of Salisbury had an audience of the Queen on his arrival. On Sunday morning, the 10th, the Queen, the Empress, and the Royal family, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Rev. Arthur Peile, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to her Majesty, and Vicar of Holy Trinity, Ventnor, officiated. Sunday was the forty-ninth anniversary of the Queen's wedding, her Majesty having been married to the Prince Consort on Feb. 10, 1840. The Queen has given £30 towards Bishop Stirling's fund for a church at Stanley, in the Falkland Islands.

The Prince of Wales presided on Feb. 7 at a meeting of the Council of his Royal Highness, held at the office of the Duchy of Cornwall, Buckingham-gate. The Earl of Dicke and Sir Lyon Playfair made declarations on being appointed members. Mr. Arthur Pendarves Vivian, of Bosham, Helston, has been appointed Sheriff of Cornwall. The Prince, accompanied by Lord Arthur Somerset, Mr. Mackenzie, and other gentlemen, arrived at Kingsclere on the 8th, and saw the horses which are in training by Mr. John Porter go through their gallops. His Royal Highness and other visitors afterwards partook of luncheon at Park House, the residence of Mr. Porter. On the 9th the Prince presided at a meeting of the Standing Committee of the Trustees of the British Museum. The Princess, accompanied by Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House from Sandringham. Their Royal Highnesses, Prince George, and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud were present at Divine service on Sunday morning, the 10th. The Prince left London on Tuesday night, the 12th, for the Riviera. He was accompanied by Prince George of Wales. His Royal Highness has given 100 guineas to the fund for adapting the Castle of Norwich and adjacent buildings to receive the collections of the Norfolk and Norwich Museum, and for providing a gallery for the exhibition of paintings and other works of art. The total cost of the alterations will amount to over £12,000. Prince Albert Victor, who is at present stationed at York with the 10th Hussars, presented the prizes to the successful students of the science and art classes of the York Institute on the 9th. The gathering was attended by a large number of the principal citizens, and his Royal Highness met with a very hearty reception. Prince Albert Victor was, at the last meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, elected by acclamation an honorary member.

The Duke of Cambridge inspected the Royal Garrison Artillery at Gibraltar on Feb. 6, and expressed satisfaction at the appearance and discipline of the force. His Royal Highness subsequently witnessed some firing with the 100-ton gun. On the 7th he witnessed the combined gun practice of the Europa batteries, and in the afternoon inspected the new higher level fortifications. The Duke on the 9th visited the barracks at Gibraltar, the naval stores, and the garrison library. In the afternoon his Royal Highness embarked on board the Iron Duke, and was received with the usual salutes, the Governor of Gibraltar, accompanied by his staff, and the military authorities being present to witness his departure. The Duke arrived at Cartagena on the 11th, on board the Iron Duke, and proceeded by train to Valencia.

Prince Henry of Battenberg was recently installed as Governor of Carisbrooke Castle, in presence of a large company of the gentry and clergy of the Isle of Wight, including Mr. Harbottle Estcourt, the Deputy-Governor of the island. Prince Henry rode from Osborne with Major Bigge, and was met at the historic gates of the castle by Sir Henry Ponsonby. He was conducted over the castle and grounds by Captain Markland, the custodian. The bells of Newport and Carisbrooke churches rang merry peals during the afternoon. The freedom of the borough of Newport is to be conferred upon Prince Henry of Battenberg, on his appointment by the Queen to be Governor and Captain-General of the Isle of Wight in succession to Viscount Eversley.

## THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA.

The funeral of this lamented Prince, the only son of the Emperor Francis Joseph and heir-apparent to the Crowns of the Austrian Empire and the Kingdom of Hungary, was solemnised at Vienna on Tuesday, Feb. 5, with stately pomp of mourning. The body had been laid in State, from the Sunday evening previous, in the Court Chapel of the Hofburg or Palace, having been brought to Vienna the day before, from Meyerling, the Prince's highland lodge in the mountains above Baden, Upper Austria, where he died, unhappily, by his own hand in a fit of insanity, as related last week. For some hours on the Sunday, while the body lay in the Francis Chamber on the second floor of the Imperial Palace, many privileged persons, including all the officers of the Vienna garrison, were admitted to see it. It was first visited by the bereaved father, the Emperor, who showed deep emotion, and by others of the Imperial family. On the Tuesday afternoon it was removed from the Hofburg, in a black funeral car drawn by six horses, and was conveyed in procession, across the Joseph's Platz and along the narrow Augustiner-strasse and the Tegethoff-strasse, to the Capuchins' Church in the Neuer Markt. This is a small church, but its gloomy vault under the floor is the customary resting-place of the bodies of the Imperial family, containing those of a hundred and thirteen persons, Hapsburgs and Hapsburg-Lorraines, laid there since it was chosen, nearly two centuries ago, by the Emperor Mathias, to place the tomb for himself and his wife.

The route of approach to the church from the Hofburg, on this occasion, was different from that taken by preceding funerals. Our Artist, Mr. Ladislas E. Petrovitz, of Vienna, contributes a Sketch of the scene as the funeral-car, bearing the coffin overspread with the black velvet pall and heaped with three immense wreaths of white flowers, passed through the gateway; beside it walked pages of noble birth, carrying lighted wax torches; it was escorted by the halberdiers, the Hungarian body-guard, in their red uniforms embroidered with gold, their plumed helmets, high yellow boots, and panther-skins fastened over their shoulders by silver clasps; also, one squadron of Cavalry of the Guard, and one company of Infantry. None of the Imperial family appeared as mourners in the street procession; they all went separately in closed carriages to the church. At four o'clock, when the procession arrived, the Emperor of Austria, attired in a General's uniform, with the King and Queen of the Belgians, and with the Archdukes and Archduchesses of the Imperial family, the Prince of Coburg and several of the German Princes, as well as other friends and relatives of the deceased, had taken their seats. The Ministers of State, the foreign Ambassadors, including Sir Augustus Paget, representing our Queen, and General Fraser, representing the Prince of Wales, and the Court officials, the Presidents of the Reichsrath and Hungarian Diet, and the Burgomasters of Vienna and Pesth, were also present.

The interior of the church, walls and floor, was draped in black, with lines of white marking out a central space in the floor, where a stand, covered with cloth of gold, was erected for the coffin to be placed upon. It was brought in, escorted by the Hungarian Guards, with the wreaths sent by the Emperor and Empress and Archduchess Stéphanie, the Crown Prince's widow, lying on the top. The Archbishop of Vienna, Monsignor Ganglbauer, standing by the altar, read the Mass for the Dead, while the choir chanted the responses; he then sprinkled the coffin with holy water, and waved the censer of incense over it. The service being concluded, the coffin was taken up and carried into the crypt. The members of the Imperial family, for the most part, were about to depart by the door beside the altar. The King of the Belgians went out first, bowing to the clergy as he passed, and making his obeisance before the altar. It was then noticed that the Emperor had not left the building. He had unexpectedly followed the procession into the crypt, there to see the remains of his son laid in their last resting-place. On descending into the crypt, accompanied only by his nearest kindred, the self-control of the Emperor entirely vanished. He threw himself upon the coffin and kissed it many times. All present were moved to tears, and the sobs of the Emperor were heard throughout the crypt.

The clergy had preceded the coffin into the crypt. Prince Hohenlohe, the Chief Court Marshal, addressed the Prior of the Capuchin monks in these words, which echoed solemnly in the hollow vault:—"Dost thou recognise in the departed the most illustrious Archduke?" Whereupon the Prior replied:—"Yes; the body of the illustrious dead will be well guarded by us here with due care." Then Prince Hohenlohe handed to the Prior the keys of the coffin, and all left the vault.

The Crown Prince's coffin is deposited temporarily in a niche, whence it will be removed to its definitive resting-place. According to an old custom, members of the Imperial family have to be buried in wooden coffins, though the outer coffins may be of metal. The coffins of Emperors and Empresses and their children are covered with black velvet and gold, those of collateral Archdukes and Archduchesses with red velvet and silver. The most noticeable object in the vault is the sarcophagus which Maria Theresia caused to be made for her husband, herself, and her children.

The circumstances attending the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph, a most shocking event, were referred to in our last. He had been staying a day or two at Meyerling, with the Prince of Coburg and Count Hoyos, with the intention of shooting on the mountains. He felt unwell, and declined to join in the sport. On Wednesday, Jan. 31, at seven in the morning, he sent away his servant, locked the door of his room, and shot himself through the head with a revolver, having written several letters to say that he could not live, but giving no reason. He was thirty years of age, amiable and highly accomplished, a great student of natural history, an author, a good linguist, and diligent in his public duties. We gave his portrait, with a memoir, last week. The view of his house at Meyerling is from a Sketch by Mr. Alfred Siegl, of Vienna.

Our Portrait of the widow of the late Crown Prince,

Archduchess Stéphanie, a Princess of Saxe-Coburg, daughter of the King and Queen of the Belgians, is from a photograph by Othmar Von Türk, the Court photographer at Vienna. It is accompanied by that of her only child, Archduchess Elizabeth, five years old. As the Imperial Crown of Austria, under the present Constitution, does not pass in the female line, the heir presumptive is the Emperor's brother, Archduke Karl Ludwig, but he has expressed a wish to renounce the succession in favour of his eldest son, Archduke Francis, who was born Dec. 18, 1863, and is an infantry officer in the Austrian army. His mother was a daughter of Don Miguel, Prince of Portugal. The portrait of Archduke Karl Ludwig is from a photograph by Adèle, of Vienna.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chamber has passed the Bill for the *Scrutin d'arrondissement*.—A grand ball was given at the Hôtel de Ville on Feb. 7, at which President Carnot was present. On his arrival the President met with a hearty reception from the large crowd assembled outside.—M. De Lesseps has issued a letter to the subscribers to the new Panama Canal Company to the effect that he is not in a position to "constitute" the second association owing to the formalities of the French law.—Colonel Sénat has been officially reprimanded for issuing a general order to his men reflecting upon the course pursued by the German Ambassador in refusing a passport for Strassburg. The German Embassy have given an explanation with regard to the passport.—On Feb. 12 took place the first night's performance of the new play by M. Sardou, "Marquise," which has excited great interest in the French capital.

The Queen-Regent of Spain has signed a decree appointing General Salamanca to the post of Captain-General of Cuba.—A fire occurred early on the morning of Feb. 11 in the old building of the military hospital in Madrid. The patients, many of whom were suffering from ophthalmia and smallpox, were carried out on stretchers to the barracks; and no loss of life is reported.

The Special Embassy sent by the Sultan of Morocco to congratulate the Emperor William upon his accession was received on Feb. 6 by the Emperor and Empress with unusual pomp and display in the White Hall of the Royal Castle. Among the

## OBITUARY.

## EARL OF EFFINGHAM.

The Right Honourable Henry Howard, Earl of Effingham, and Baron Howard, of Effingham, in the county of Surrey, died at his town residence, 57, Eaton-place, Belgrave-square, on Feb. 5. He was born Aug. 23, 1806, the eldest son of Kenneth Alexander, eleventh Baron Howard of Effingham, G.C.B. (who was created Earl of Effingham in 1837), by Charlotte, his wife, eldest daughter of Neil, third Earl of Rosebery, K.T., and succeeded his father as second Earl Feb. 13, 1845. He was educated at Harrow and at Oriel College, Oxford; was a Deputy Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for the West Riding of York, and sat in the House of Commons as member for Shaftesbury from 1841 to 1845 in the Liberal interest. He married, Aug. 18, 1832, Eliza, only daughter of the late General Sir Gordon Drummond, G.C.B., and had issue, three sons and three daughters. The eldest son Henry, Lord Howard of Effingham, now third Earl of Effingham, was born Feb. 7, 1837; married, Oct. 31, 1865, Victoria Francesca, eldest daughter of Monsieur A. Boyer, of Paris, and has an only child, Henry Alexander Gordon, born Aug. 15, 1866. The Howards of Effingham are a branch of the Ducal House of Norfolk, Charles, second Earl Howard of Effingham, K.G., is celebrated by the ever-memorable victory he achieved over the Spanish Armada.

## ADMIRAL THE HON. A. DUNCOMBE.

Admiral the Hon. A. Duncombe died on Feb. 6, at Kilnwick Percy, near Pocklington, Yorks, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. He entered the Navy at the age of thirteen, and after thirteen years' service was raised to the rank of Captain. He was appointed an Admiral on the Retired List in 1862. Admiral Duncombe was a Conservative in politics, and represented East Retford in Parliament from 1830 to 1832, and again from 1835 to 1851. From 1851 until 1868 he represented the East Riding, retiring from Parliamentary life in the last-named year. Colonel C. W. Duncombe and Mr. Arthur Duncombe, M.P., are sons of the deceased Admiral.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. William Norris Nicholson, a Master in Lunacy, recently, at his residence, Phillimore-gardens, in his seventy-fourth year.

Mr. C. Prendergast Hackett, Judge of County Courts, Victoria, Australia, on Jan. 28, at Villa Christina, Nice.

Captain Walter B. Persse, late 90th Light Infantry, on Jan. 31, at his residence, Bagnalstown House, in the county of Carlow.

Lady Flower (Mary Jane), widow of Sir James Flower, Bart., and eldest daughter of Sir Walter Stirling, first Baronet, on Feb. 4, at 24, Lowndes-square, in her ninety-fourth year.

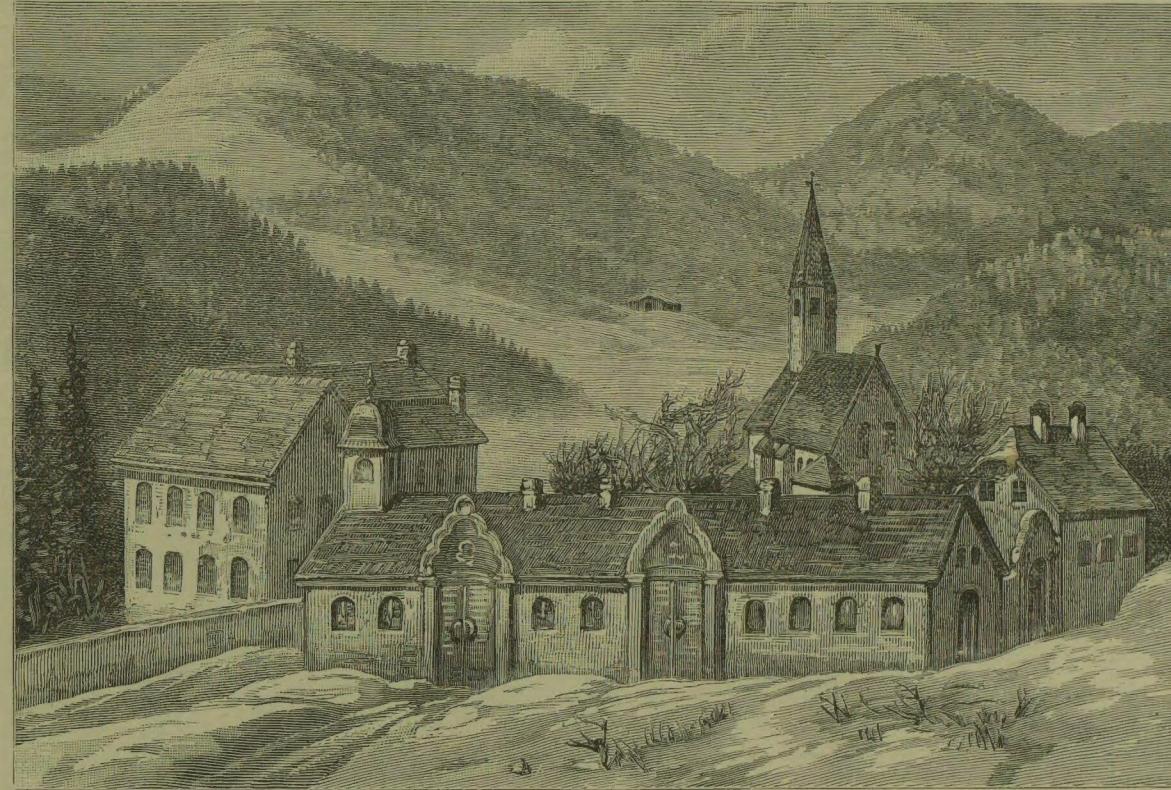
Parliament, reassembling on the 21st of February, will find the alliance between the Conservative Unionists and the Liberal Unionists as strong as ever, bearing out the truth of Mr. Goschen's Pimlico lecture on "The Political Situation."

To the former, Lord Salisbury and Mr. W. H. Smith have issued the usual official circulars heralding the Session; and the Marquis of Hartington acted as fugleman of the Liberal Unionist members supporting the Government. The Address in the Commons in answer to the Queen's Speech is to be moved by Mr. M. H. Shaw-Stewart, M.P. for East Renfrewshire, and seconded by Sir John Colomb, M.P. for Bow.

The Puckeridge Hunt celebrated their first ball on Feb. 7, at Bishop Stortford, where the event was freely attended by many of the leading families in the neighbourhood. More noticeable among the company were the Master, Mr. R. Gosling; Sir H. Selwyn Ibbetson, M.P.; Mr. Loftus Arkwright; Mr. Walter Gilbey, and Mr. Alieil Smith.

The programme of the Brompton Hospital entertainment on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, was provided by Mr. John Stedman, who has several times given his valuable assistance in organising a concert. Miss Amelia Gruhn, Miss Greta Williams, and Master Lionel Wynne were each encored, the ladies after their very tasteful singing of "All in a Garden Fair," "Be Wise in Time," and "In the Chimney Corner" and "Our World," respectively; and the latter after his rendering of "The Lark now leaves." Miss Carrie Samuel played two violin solos, Mr. E. Bryant sang "Aubade," and Mr. Augustus Toop played a serenade and discharged most efficiently the duties of accompanist.

The City Corporation have decided to grant the application of the London County Council for the use of their Council Chamber during the next three months. The Council met on Feb. 12 in the Council Chamber; and Lord Rosebery was elected Chairman, Sir John Lubbock Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Firth Deputy-Chairman.—Mr. Alderman Leycester Penrhyn has been elected Chairman of the County Council for Surrey.—At the first meeting of the Middlesex County Council, Mr. Littler, Q.C., presided, and the following Aldermen were elected:—Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. Ambrose, M.P., Mr. J. Bigwood, M.P., Mr. Dixon Hartland, M.P., Dr. Langdon Down, Mr. Finlay, Mr. Fortnum, Mr. B. Hardy, Mr. Howard, M.P., Earl of Jersey, Mr. M. Latham, Dr. Lingham, Earl of Lucan, Mr. Miller, Earl of Strafford, Mr. Stephens, M.P., Dr. G. S. Willett, and Captain Webb, R.N.—Lord Stalbridge was elected provisional Chairman at the first meeting of the Dorset County Council at Dorchester on Feb. 7. Among the Aldermen chosen were Lord Portman, Lord Wimborne, Lord Eldon, Sir F. Weld, and Lord Eustace Cecil.—The Marquis of Ripon has been elected Chairman of the West Riding Council.—At a meeting of the Worcestershire County Council Mr. Chamberlain has been elected an Alderman.



MEYERLING, NEAR BADEN, UPPER AUSTRIA, WHERE THE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH SHOT HIMSELF.

presents sent to his Majesty were ten magnificent Barbary horses.—Count William Bismarck has been appointed President of the Government of Hanover.

The Emperor and Empress of Austria, King and Queen of Hungary, attended by a large suite, arrived on Feb. 11 in Pesth, where the Court intends making some stay. Their Majesties met with such an enthusiastic reception as has been seldom witnessed at Pesth. The students at Buda had organised a loyal demonstration in honour of the Emperor, and a large number awaited his Majesty's arrival. Her Majesty and the young Archduchess were thickly veiled, and they bowed their acknowledgments to the crowd without lifting their veils.

Monsignor Prokopios, Archbishop of Athens and Primate of the Greek Orthodox Church, died suddenly on Feb. 11.

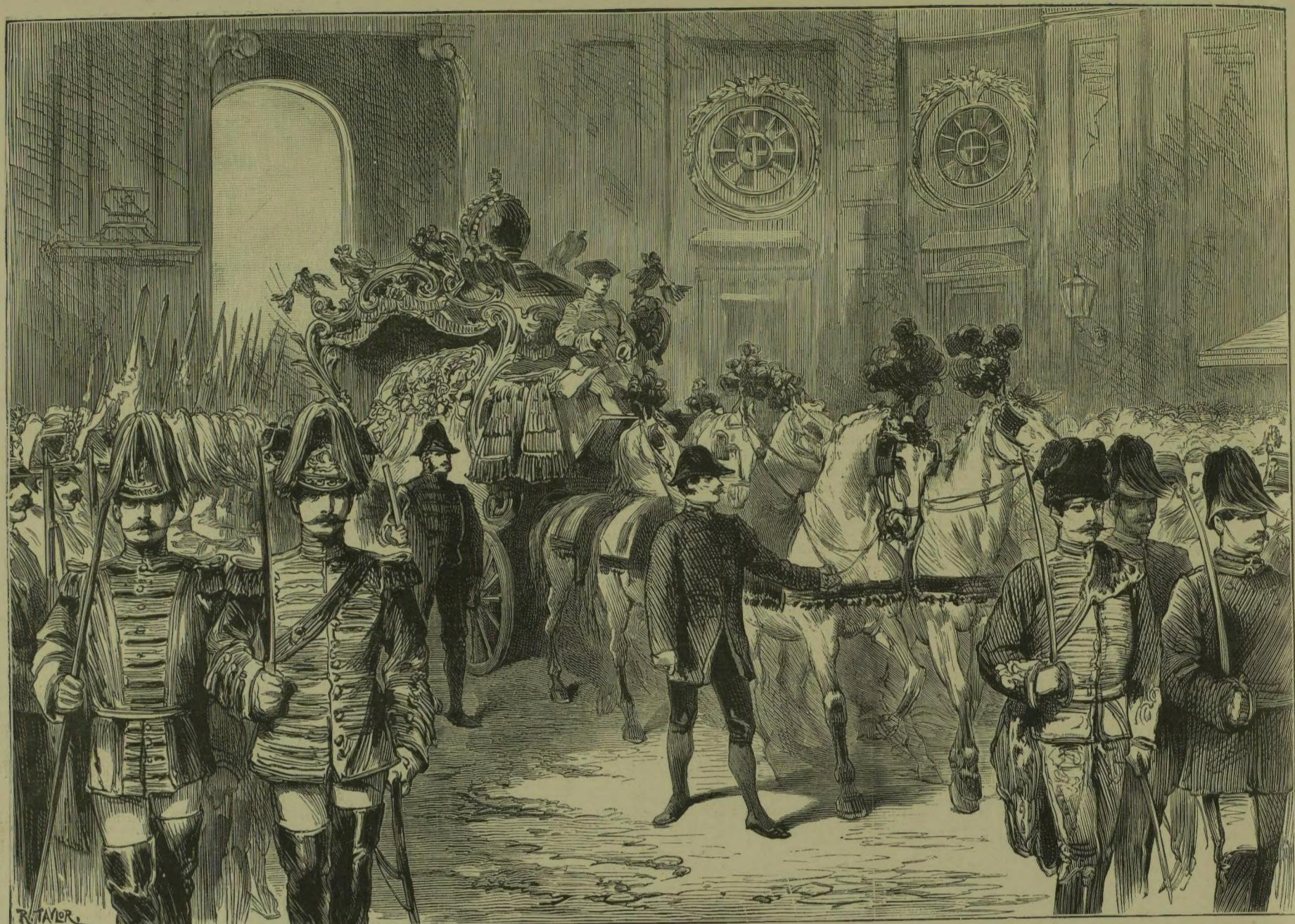
The United States War Department is to be supplied immediately with seven Zalinski dynamite guns for the defence of Sandy Hook, New York Harbour, and Boston Harbour.—The Nicaragua Canal Bill has passed both the House of Representatives and the Senate, and now awaits the assent of the President, which may be regarded as certain.

The Transvaal Government has published the draft of a law creating a Volksraad of two Chambers. The members of the present Raad are to form the First Chamber, and the members of both Assemblies must be Protestants who have resided in the Republic and owned land in it for two years.

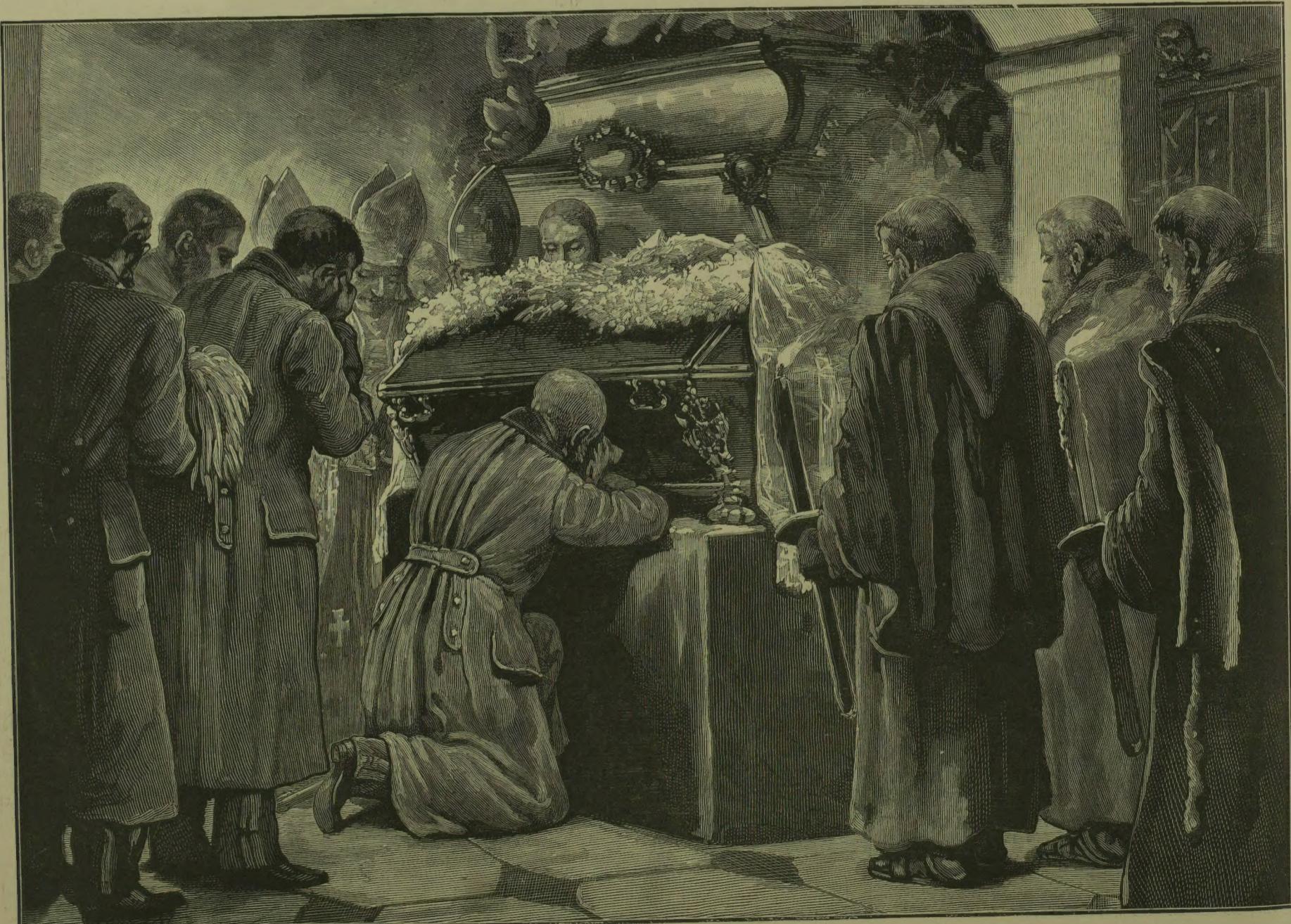
The annual general meeting of the committee of the Lady Dufferin Fund for supplying female medical aid to Indian women was held at Calcutta on Feb. 7, under the presidency of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Viceroy. The proceedings were marked by great enthusiasm.

The Emperor of Japan has publicly promulgated the Constitution granted to the Empire. It provides for two Houses of Parliament, an extended franchise, freedom of speech, the right of public meeting, and irremovable judges.

The Hon. Sir Arthur Palmer, Administrator of Queensland, has received an invitation from Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, to send delegates to Ottawa, in conjunction with the other Colonies, in order to confer with the Dominion Government regarding the establishment of intimate relations and closer cable communication between Australasia and Canada. The Hon. B. D. Morehead, Colonial Secretary of Queensland, has suggested that Canada should be invited to send delegates to Australia, and the other Colonies concur in this proposal.—The death of Mr. Peter Lalor, formerly Speaker of the Victoria Legislative Assembly, is announced.



THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY TO THE CAPUCHINS' CHURCH.

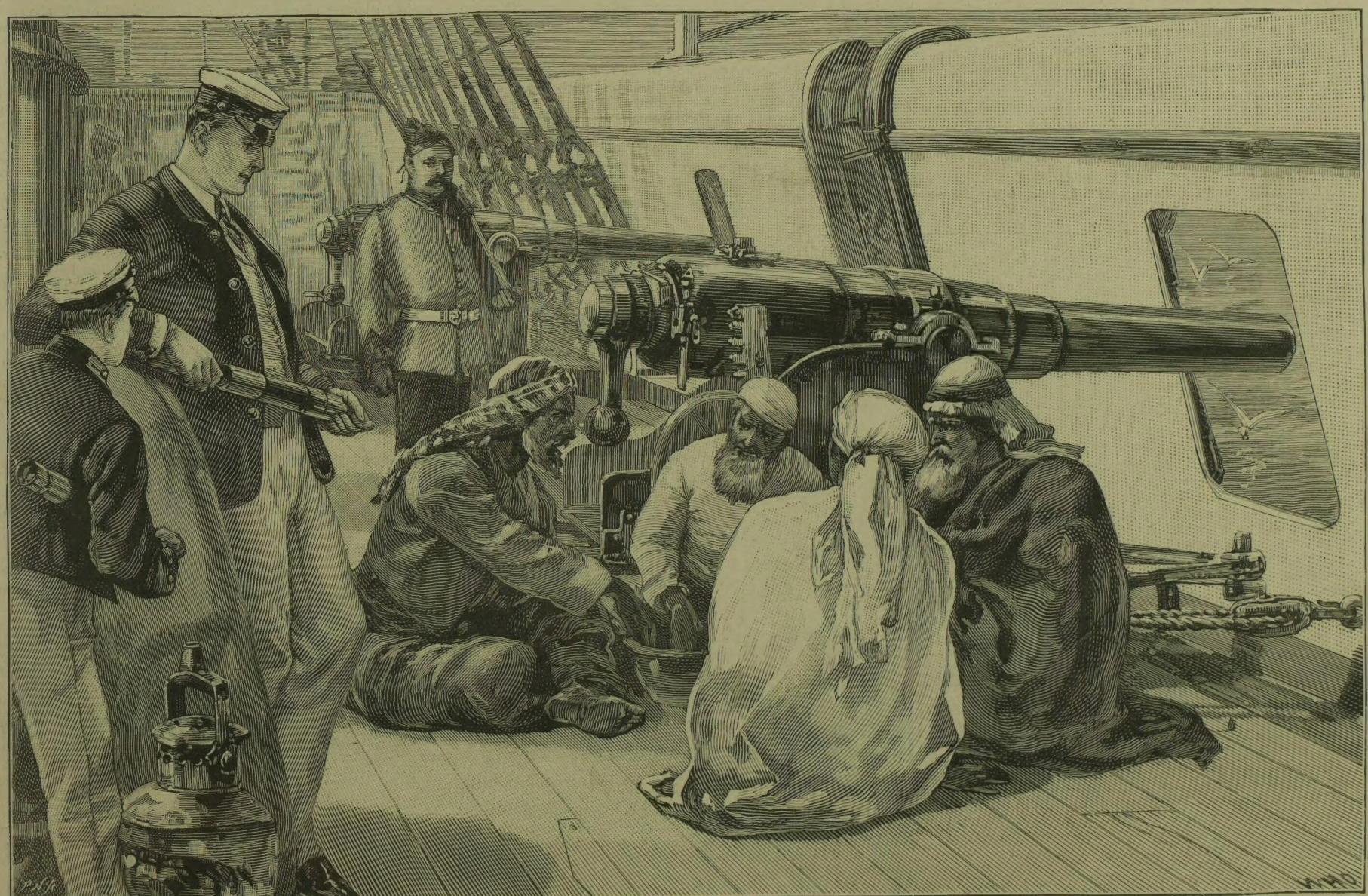


THE EMPEROR KNEELING BY THE COFFIN IN THE VAULT OF THE CAPUCHINS' CHURCH.

FUNERAL OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE OF AUSTRIA AT VIENNA.



NATIVES OF THE SAMOA ISLANDS SELLING THEIR WEAPONS ON BOARD THE STEAM-SHIP ALAMEDA.



BLOCKADE OF THE EAST COAST OF AFRICA: CAPTURED ARAB SLAVE-TRADERS ON BOARD A BRITISH SHIP.

## THE SAMOA ISLANDS.

The statements made by several journals that the Conference on the Samoa Question between Great Britain, the United States, and Germany, proposed by the last-named Power, would commence in a few days, and that Germany's proposals for a settlement had already been approved in principle, is declared to be premature. The United States Senate, however, is considering a proposal from Prince Bismarck for the resumption of the Conference of 1887 on the basis of the independence of the Samoa natives, and equality of rights among the Treaty Powers.

The Samoa or Navigator Islands Archipelago is situated in the Pacific Ocean, about 430 miles north-east of the Fiji Islands. It consists of the islands of Upolu, the largest, about thirty miles long and nine miles wide, containing Apia, the chief port and residence of the native King; Savaii, Tutuila, Manua, and numerous small islets. There are about 38,000 inhabitants, of whom about 300 are whites, 180 of whom are Germans, the remainder English, Americans, French missionaries, and Scandinavians.

Until about two years ago communication between the Samoa archipelago and civilisation was kept up by the sailing ships of the German South Sea and Plantation Company, which arrived several times a year with manufactures and European provisions, and returned laden with copra and the products of the plantations. In 1886 regular postal communication was established by the branch line of the Imperial German Mail Line to Australia, which branch line at first ran direct from Sydney to Apia, and returned thence by the Tonga Islands to Sydney, but since 1888 touches on its outward passage at the Tonga Islands, and returns from Apia direct to Sydney. About the same time that the German line was opened, the American mail line connecting Sydney with San Francisco began to touch at the Samoa Islands, but merely for the sake of postal intercourse, the vessels running from Sydney to Auckland, New Zealand, and thence touching at the Island of Tutuila in the Samoa archipelago. In order to establish postal communication with the American line, a sailing-cutter is dispatched from Apia to Tutuila. From the latter island the American steamers go to Honolulu (Sandwich Islands), and thence to San Francisco. The line from San Francisco to Sydney goes the reverse way.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, was on his voyage last year from San Francisco to Sydney in the Pacific steamship Alameda, which stopped at Tutuila to land the mails. Many of the natives came on board, offering their weapons of war for sale as curiosities. They have magnificent figures, and are of a light copper colour, with long hair, being an utterly different race from the dusky-blackish, woolly-haired Melanesians and Papuans. Their language, and that of the Tonga Islanders, has much affinity with the language of the Hawaii group, and with the dialects of Eastern Polynesia. Mr. W. B. Churchward's book, "My Consulate in Samoa," published by Mr. R. Bentley in 1887, gives a favourable account of these people. We also recommend a work by the Rev. George Turner, LL.D., of the London Missionary Society (published by Macmillan and Co. in 1884), entitled "Samoa a Hundred Years Ago, with Notes on the Cults and Customs of the Pacific Islands," which contains much interesting information.

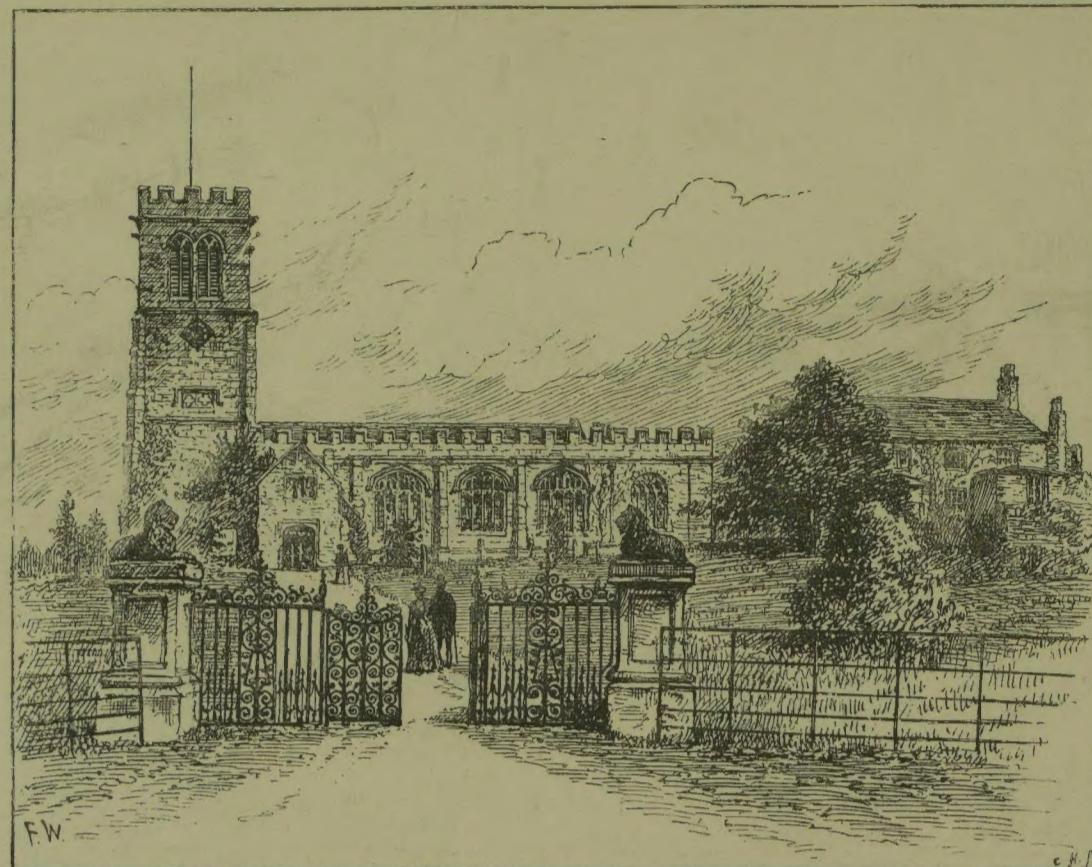
## EAST AFRICA SLAVE-TRADE BLOCKADE.

The joint British and German naval blockade of the East Coast of Africa opposite the islands of Pemba and Zanzibar for the suppression of the Arab slave-trade has not obtained very satisfactory results. A British ship of war has been kept on that station for many years past, with the occasional assistance of gun-boats, to look after the "dhow," which have frequently been captured at sea, brought to Zanzibar, tried by the Consular Court and condemned, and the slaves liberated and protected, agreeably to the treaty concluded by Sir Bartle Frere with the late Sultan of Zanzibar, Seyyid Burghash, and administered by Sir John Kirk, the late Consul, and his successor, Colonel Euan Smith. The scene on board her Majesty's ship, represented in a sketch by our own artist, where several captive Arab slave-traders are feeding on deck, under guard of one of the Royal Marines, with an officer or two looking on, attests the reality of this exercise of British naval jurisdiction. It is doubtful whether the German bombardments of the coast towns and villages will prove more efficacious for any good object, while they tend to exasperate the whole native population, and have put the lives of missionaries and European traders or travellers in danger. The Roman Catholic missionaries of the Benedictine Order, who were detained by the native chief Bushiri, have now been released on payment of a ransom by the Zanzibar representative of the German East African Company.

It is announced that the Charity Commissioners have promised £50,000 from the City of London Parochial Charities Fund for the endowment and support of a technical institute for south-west London, if £50,000 can, within a moderate time, be raised by voluntary effort for site, building, and equipment. Earl Cadogan has already promised a freehold site, an acre in extent and valued at about £10,000.

## HANMER CHURCH, FLINTSHIRE.

On Sunday evening, Feb. 3, the ancient and beautiful Gothic church of Hanmer, Flintshire, 460 years old, noted for its exquisite oak ceiling and pulpit, its magnificent stained glass windows, and its fine peal of bells, was totally destroyed by fire. This was caused by some accident with the heating apparatus. Great efforts were made to extinguish the fire, in which Lord Kenyon personally assisted, and the Rev. Canon Lee, the Vicar, saved the parish registers at some risk to

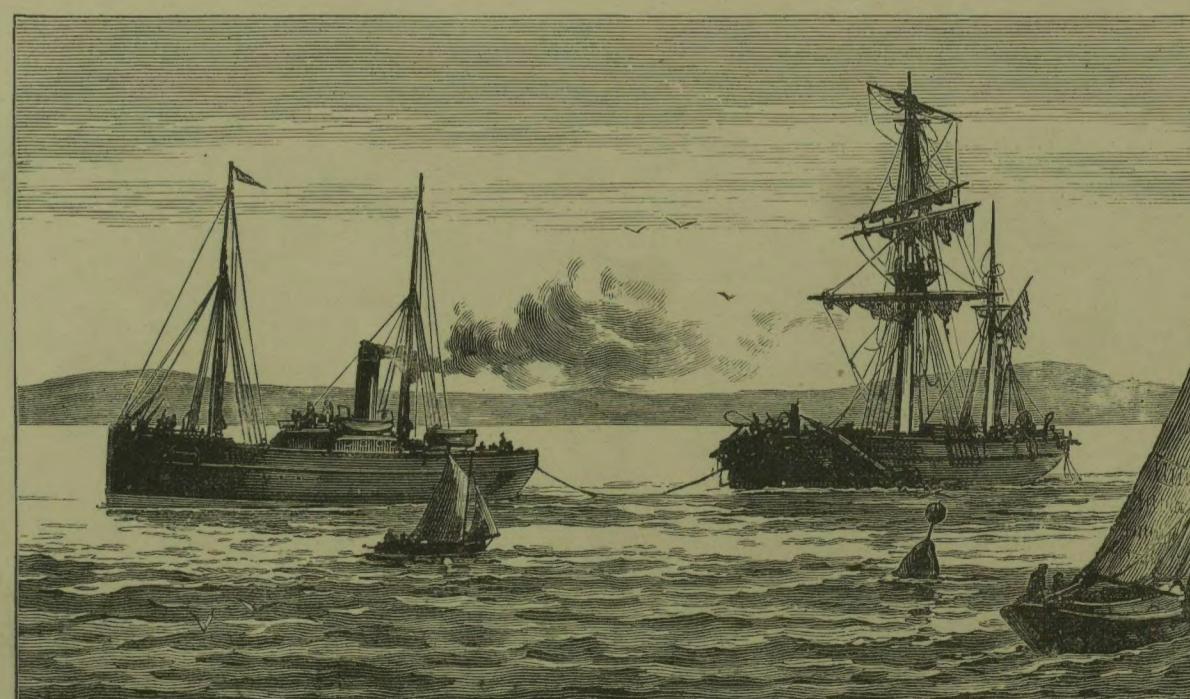


HANMER CHURCH, FLINTSHIRE, DESTROYED BY FIRE, FEB. 3.

himself. The organ, which cost £1000, was presented to the church in 1865 by Mrs. Wynne Corrie, of Park Hall. The pulpit was a splendid specimen of carved oak workmanship, bearing date 1465. Three exquisite stained glass windows, presented by the late Sir Edward Hanmer, the patron, were completely destroyed. The tower, with the bare walls, were all that was left of this fine old church.

## COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

On the night of Monday, Feb. 4, off Beachy Head, Sussex, the Glasgow barque, Largo Bay, bound from London for Auckland, New Zealand, came into collision with a large four-masted steamer, which sank almost immediately. It was impossible to attempt to rescue the steamer's crew, as the Largo Bay's boats were smashed. The unfortunate steamer was the Glencoe, a fine vessel of 3000 tons, one of the Glen line, bound from Liverpool to London, to take in cargo, with a crew of fifty-two, but no passengers; twenty-three of the crew were Chinamen. So violent was the collision that the bows of the barque were stove in, her bowsprit and jibboom, with all the gear attached, the maintopgallantmast, and the mizentopmasthead, were all carried away; and the foremast was broken off short at the deck, killing an apprentice as it fell. The Largo Bay, with a huge rent in her bows, drifted slowly towards the Isle of Wight. Her signals were observed when she reached a point sixty miles south-east of St. Catherine's Point, and were then answered by the steamer Urpeth, Captain Davies, from



THE LARGO BAY TOWED INTO COWES ROADS AFTER THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

Havre to Shields. The Urpeth took the Largo Bay in tow on the understanding that £1000 would be paid for salvage, and brought her into Cowes roads. She belongs to Messrs. Hatfield, Cameron, and Co., of Glasgow, and is an iron barque of over 1200 tons. A correspondent, Mr. F. Notcutt, of Ryde, made a sketch of the Largo Bay as she came in at Cowes.

The Board of Trade have awarded a binocular-glass to Captain Richard J. North, Master of the barque Baltimore, of Baltimore, U.S.A., in acknowledgment of his kindness and humanity to the shipwrecked crew of the ship Inch Murren, of Glasgow, which was abandoned at sea on Nov. 24, 1888.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

Nature's great Snowfall transformation scene has not been welcomed by London theatrical managers, whose treasures have been more or less affected by the storm of snowflakes, succeeded by seas of mud. Once inside the playhouses that have presented the most recent novelties and changes of programmes, audiences have, however, found abundant entertainment and plenty of diversity.

The Comedy offers a sprightly musical piece of real humour in the "dramatic cantata" of "Pickwick"—a domestic rearrangement of the Goswell-road episode by Mr. F. C. Burnand, whose droll libretto sparkles with fun, and is neatly set to music by Mr. Edward Solomon after the fashion of Sir Arthur Sullivan in the same witty dramatist's lyric version of Morton's farce of "Box and Cox." With the license of a practised travestie-writer, Mr. Burnand has developed the character of the "baker," who is casually alluded to as Mrs. Bardell's suitor; and Mr. Rutland Barrington delighted his friends by making his reappearance in the comic operetta part of this love-struck baker, whose "baker-roll" is the most amusing bit in the bright little play. Daintiest of Mrs. Bardells, Miss Lottie Venn provoked much laughter by her arch piquancy in coqueting with the "baker" and in "making up to" modest Mr. Samuel Pickwick, realised to the life by Mr. Arthur Cecil. The success of "Pickwick" leads us to hope that Mr. Burnand may write a genuine English comic opera in the same happy vein as that which inspired his diverting "baker-roll."

At the Haymarket, "Captain Swift's" place in the evening bill has been taken by "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which is chiefly remarkable for the mellow rendering of Sir John Falstaff by that exceptionally clever and versatile artist, Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree. His impersonation is now thoroughly well-rounded. Shakespeare's rotund knight is made to live again, and the performance of the old comedy generally is admirable. A better Mistress Page and Mistress Ford than Miss Rose Leclercq and

Miss Henrietta Lindley it would be hard to find. They fairly revelled in the practical jokes played upon Falstaff. Their excellence was well matched by the Mr. Ford of Mr. Macklin and the Mr. Page of Mr. Fred Harrison; by the unctuous Mistress Quickly of Mrs. Edmund Phelps; the "Sweet Anne Page" of Mrs. Tree, and the manly Fenton of Mr. Fuller Mellish. Somewhat too much burlesque is indulged in by Mr. H. Kemble as Dr. Caius and Mr. Righton as Sir Hugh Evans, and the Slender of Mr. Brookfield may be deemed too ridiculous. But the principal parts are so well enacted, and the scenic and musical embellishments are so excellent, that Mr. Tree's revival is altogether a meritorious one.

Renamed "A Fool's Paradise," Mr. Sydney Grundy's new play of "The Mousetrap" was produced by Miss Kate Rorke at a Gaiety matinée on the Twelfth of February. It is a rather gloomy piece of "The Hidden Hand" order, the central idea being derived from the play-scene in "Hamlet"; but it is constructed so neatly that the duel between a satirical doctor and a wicked wife who would poison her husband with arsenic was followed with deep interest. The medical Baronet, who is continually sending satiric shafts at his own profession, is the most distinctive character; and the part was played to perfection by Mr. T. N. Wenman. As a self-sacrificing governess who would sacrifice her fortune to save her half-brother from embarrassment, Miss Kate Rorke acted, as she always does, with sympathetic charm. She has her reward in the end by pairing off with Lord Normantower (Mr. E. W. Gardiner), for love of whom Mrs. Selwyn seeks to poison her husband. This

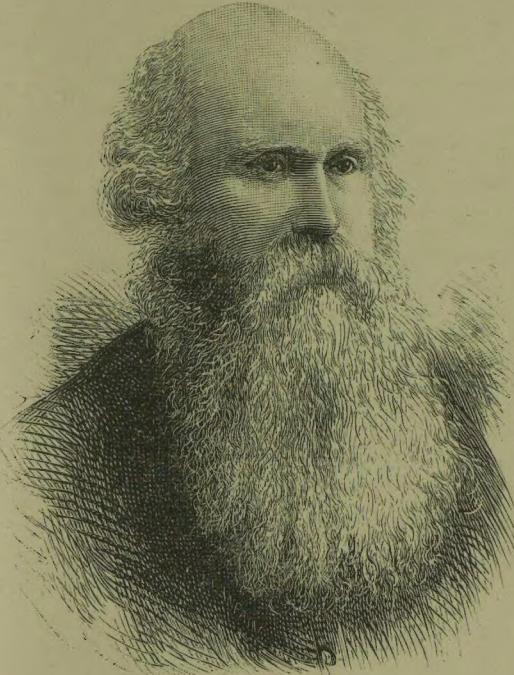
part of the adventuress was skilfully delineated by Miss Gertrude Kingston; and Mr. H. B. Conway looked the invalid as Mr. Selwyn. There was a pair of conventional calf-lovers, whose "spooning" yielded the relief to the serious portions of "A Fool's Paradise."

There is enough incident in all conscience in the new drama of "The Good Old Times," written by Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Wilson Barrett, and produced at the Princess's on Tuesday night, the Twelfth of February. We are accustomed to think of the "good old times" as jovial and rollicking coaching times. But little that is enlivening will be found in "The Good Old Times" at the Princess's. Opening powerfully at Derwentwater, in Cumberland, with John Langley's arrest on a self-accusation of having shot the villain, Crosby Grainger, whereas it is Langley's persecuted wife who was driven to fire a bullet at her old lover; and with the simultaneous arrest of Grainger and Amos Barton on the charge of having murdered Mary Langley's father, "The Good Old Times" transports the audience, with the principal characters, to the picturesque banks of the Derwent in Tasmania. Here we find Mary Langley and Lucy Grainger living together in a house near the convict station at which their husbands are working, with Amos Barton promoted to be warden over the convicts. How the self-convicted John Langley, a long-suffering hero after Mr. Wilson Barrett's own heart, undergoes fresh torture at the hands of Amos Barton and Crosby Grainger; how his love for his wife revives when he communes with himself outside the dwelling of Mary Langley, alias Mrs. Morgan, whom he does not recognise because she wears grey hair; and how he rescues and is reconciled to his wife, we hope to have room to refer to next week.

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## THE ASTRONOMER-ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.

Professor Ralph Copeland, the new Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, was born at Woodplumpton, in Lancashire, in September, 1837. After being employed some years in the large engineering works of Messrs. Beyer, Peacock and Co., at Manchester, he resolved to devote himself to the study of astronomy. He went to Germany in 1864, and entered the University of Göttingen. Two or three years later he became volunteer assistant at the observatory there, under the late Professor Klinkerfuss, which post he held until 1869. On



PROFESSOR R. COPELAND,  
Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

taking his degree he was appointed one of the scientists of the second German Arctic expedition, under Koldeweg, the first that wintered on the Arctic coast of East Greenland. Later on, he was engaged as astronomical assistant to the Earl of Rosse at Birr Castle, where the interesting subject of the moon's radiant heat was investigated; he was afterwards assistant at the observatory of Trinity College, Dublin. Since 1876 Professor Copeland has been attached to Lord Crawford's observatory at Dunecht, where cometary astronomy, spectroscopy, and the spreading of urgent astronomical news by circulars, have been kept prominently in view. He has had the good fortune to observe both the transits of Venus that have occurred in our time; the first with Lord Crawford, then Lord Lindsay, at Mauritius; the second at Jamaica, for the British Government. At the expense of Lord Crawford he visited Peru and Bolivia in 1883, where astronomical observations were made at various heights up to 14,400 ft. In 1887 he went to Russia to observe the total eclipse of the sun, but, in common with many other astronomers, was prevented by the weather from making the intended observations.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Joseph E. Munro, of Aberdeen.

About midnight on Feb. 9 the two miners, Rule and Bant, who had been imprisoned in Drakewall's Mine, Cornwall, were rescued, after having been without food for two or three days.

## THE CAIRO JUBILEE MEMORIAL.

Sir Evelyn Baring, British Minister Plenipotentiary in Egypt, on Jan. 23 opened the new wing of the Deaconesses' Victoria Hospital at Cairo. It has been erected by the British community of Cairo to commemorate the Queen's Jubilee. It contains six rooms for infectious diseases, such as smallpox and diphtheria, and one room for persons suffering from mental alienation. This will supply a want which has been much felt in Cairo, where, up to the present time, there has been no special provision made for the treatment of such diseases. The committee appointed to carry out the plans consisted of Sir Evelyn Baring, the president; Major-General Sir Francis Grenfell, Sirdar of the Egyptian Army; Colonel Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, Dr. Greene Pasha, Mr. W. Wilfred Carey, Mirza Mohammed Ra-fa, Mirza Abdul Gawad, Mr. E. C. Manuk, Mr. G. H. Colbeck, Dr. Murison, Mr. Louis Steinschneider, and Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, C.M.G., hon. treasurer. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Khedive's Ministers, the representatives of the foreign Powers, Lady Baring and several other ladies, and many of the English residents. The band of the Welsh Regiment and the pipers of the King's Own Borderers played alternately. At the close of the interesting ceremony, the company adjourned to a large tent, and partook of refreshments. Our Illustration is from the photograph by Mr. G. Lekegian, of Cairo, taken on the close of Sir Evelyn Baring's speech, while the band of the Welsh Regiment was playing "God Save the Queen." Sir Evelyn has on his right hand the members of the committee of the Victoria Hospital, and on his left some of the above-mentioned members of the Jubilee Committee.

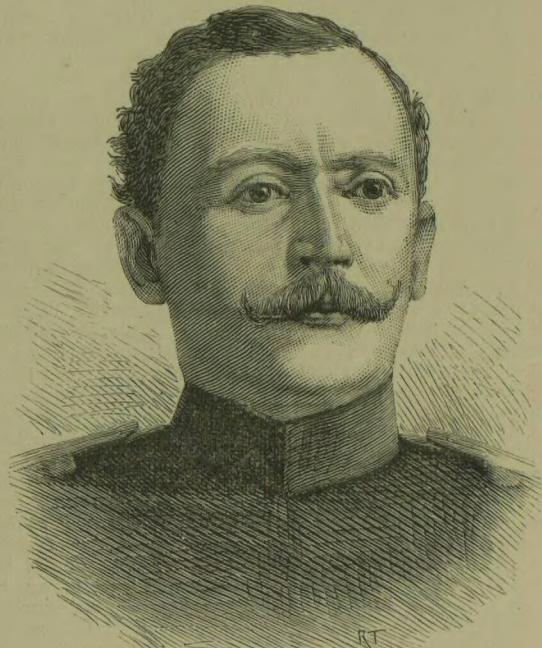
## FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.

The Oratory at Brompton was thronged on the morning of Feb. 11 with a fashionable gathering to witness the marriage of Lord William Nevill, fourth son of the Marquis of Abergavenny, to Miss Louisa De Murietta, daughter of the Marquis De Santurce. An hour and a half before the ceremony the church began to fill, and when the Royal party arrived, at twenty minutes past eleven, every available seat was occupied. The Prince and Princess of Wales with their three daughters occupied seats facing the chancel, and near to them were Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales, the Marchioness of Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Mary of Teck, the Marquis and Marchioness of Abergavenny, and the Marquis De Santurce. The service, which was fully choral, was conducted by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, assisted by the Rev. Father Davidson. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a magnificent gown of rich brocade satin, draped with a wreath of orange-blossom, the front of the corsage being decorated with a Sir Joshua Reynolds fichu of mousseline-de-chiffon, tulle veil, fastened to the hair by diamond ornaments, and surmounted by a spray of orange-blossoms. The bridesmaids were Miss De Murietta, Lady Idina Nevill, Lady Violet Nevill, Miss Barron, Miss Violet Gaythorne Hardy, and Miss Joan Nevill. They wore Empire gowns of white Sicilienne silk, trimmed with beaver fur, with a cravat of mousseline-de-soie, and a broad silk sash. The bridegroom's present to them was a little enamel watch surrounded with brilliants and mounted in a pendant. Lord Richard Nevill attended his brother in the capacity of best man. At the conclusion of the ceremony a high nuptial mass was celebrated, after which the bridal party adjourned to the town-house of the bride's parents in Carlton House-terrace, where the wedding breakfast was served.

The Archbishop of Canterbury opened his court on Feb. 12, at Lambeth Palace, for the trial of the Right Rev. Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, for alleged ritualistic and illegal practices. The Bishop appeared, and respectfully protested against the jurisdiction of the Court. He then appointed his proctors; and the Court adjourned to Feb. 19, at the Vicar-General's Office, for formal business, the argument being fixed for March 12.

## CAPTAIN WISSMANN.

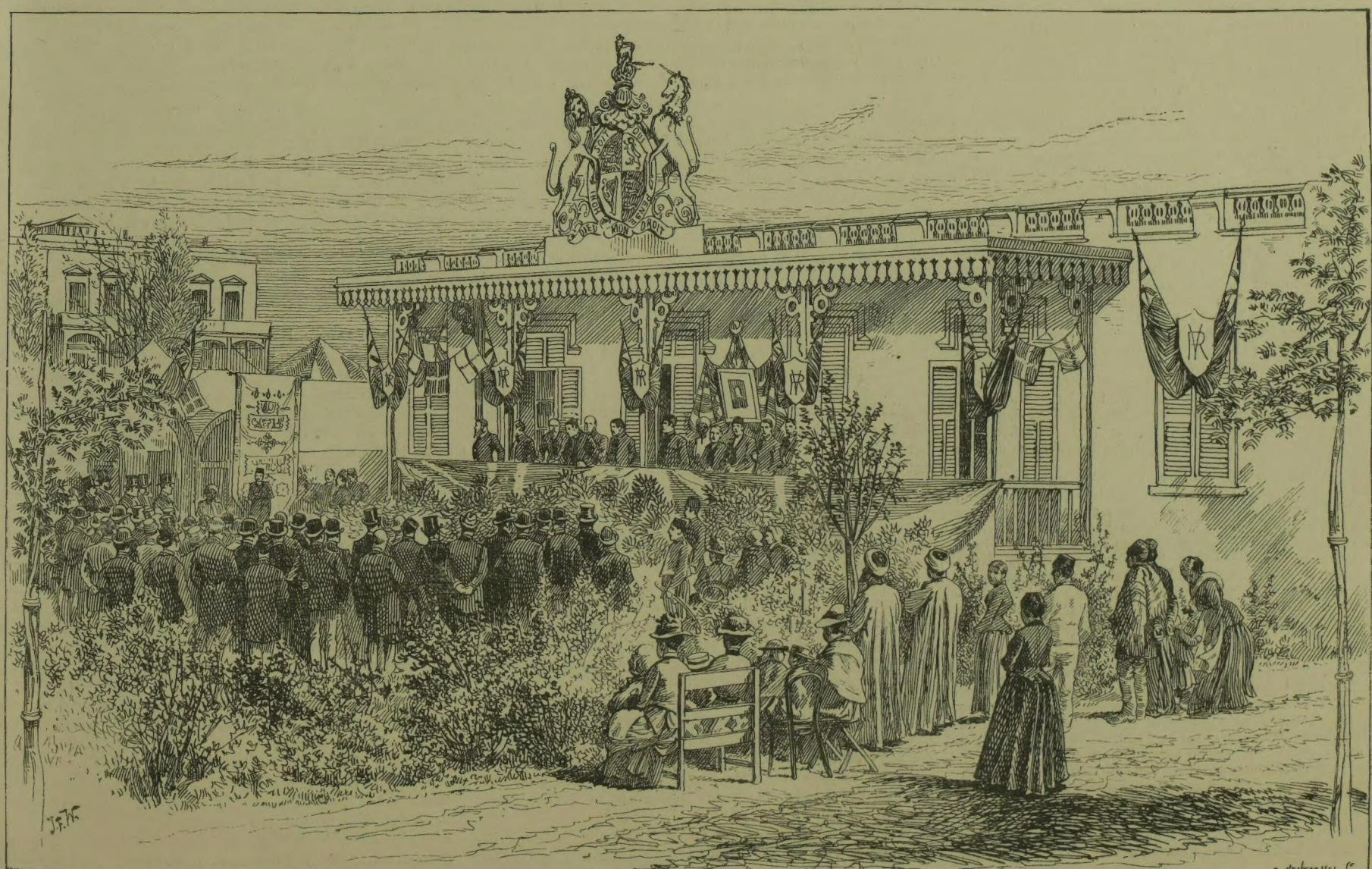
There can be no doubt that serious events are preparing on the East Coast of Africa, or that a force sanctioned and subsidised by the Imperial German Government is to be dispatched thither to restore order. As the commander of this force, Prince Bismarck selected Captain S. Wissmann, who is an officer in the German Army, and was born in Westphalia some forty years ago. His travels and explorations in Africa are well known, having extended over seven years, his principal achievement being the tracing of the river



CAPTAIN WISSMANN,  
Commander of the German East African Expedition.

Kassai from its source to its conflux with the Congo. His explorations have done much towards opening up the southern part of the Congo Free State; and for his services to geography the explorer was last year awarded the great gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Moreover, at the meeting of the British Association at Bath last year, the president of the Geographical Section, Sir Charles Wilson, in his opening address spoke in warm terms of Captain Wissmann, who was then on the point of starting on an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha, which has since been abandoned through events in Equatorial Africa. "He possesses," said Sir Charles, "all Livingstone's indomitable courage, his constancy of purpose, and his kindly feelings towards the natives, and has twice crossed Africa in its widest extent without once firing a shot in anger." He returned recently to Europe filled, like the great English traveller, with indignation at the atrocities perpetrated by the Arabs on the blacks, and eager to find means, if such there be, of putting an end to, or, at least, mitigating the unspeakable horrors of the slave trade. We believe Captain Wissmann will start for Egypt in a few days with a view to enlist 1000 Sudanese in his service, with the sanction of the British Government. In addition, his army, about 3000 men strong, will consist of German officers and retired soldiers, and Zanzibaris.

The Portrait of Captain Wissmann is from a photograph by Adolph Halwas, of Berlin.



OPENING OF THE JUBILEE MEMORIAL WARD AT THE VICTORIA HOSPITAL, CAIRO.

## VALENTINE'S DAY AT THE POST OFFICE.

Although the great and ancient festival associated with the name of good Bishop Valentine is certainly beginning to show signs of decay, it seems doubtful whether the rites of this most interesting feast of love will ever wholly be neglected so long as there remain young men and maidens to perpetuate its celebration. At the Post Office, it is true, the occasion is no longer such a red-letter day in the year as of yore, and it is a long way outstripped by the Christmas work. But this may reasonably be attributed to a change of practice rather than to a disregard of the celebration; for, in this eminently practical age, the young men and maidens of the period are, no doubt, agreed that a present which is useful as well as pretty is a more sensible, and quite as appropriate, love-token as the elaborate and sentimental valentines of the past. Briefly put, it would seem that, while the outward and visible signs of the celebration are rapidly being discarded, the spirit of the ceremony is still, and will continue to be, retained in some form or other. Although, however, the festival of St. Valentine is no longer regarded exactly as a red-letter day at the Post Office, it is not yet so dead as not to cause a considerable augmentation of postal work at this season of the year throughout the country. And especially is the pressure felt in the provinces, where the customs of the day, in whatsoever spirit they may be conceived, appear at the present time to meet with more appreciation than they do in the metropolis and other cities. At the General Post Office, London, the work is certainly on a scale of unrivalled magnitude, and requires the most adroit administration and careful forethought to successfully cope with it. Sharp on the stroke of six o'clock in the evening the huge gaping letter slits close simultaneously with a sudden snap, and then commences inside a scene of labour and apparent turmoil which to the uninitiated is quite bewildering. Amidst a ceaseless noise of facing, stamping, sorting, and collecting, the wildest confusion would seem to prevail; but as a matter of fact there is method, precision, and system in all that is being enacted.

What takes place at the chief metropolitan post-office occurs, with proportionately more or less pressure, at the post-offices all over London, and considerable difficulty is usually experienced in making adequate arrangements for meeting the great addition which Valentine's Day causes to the ordinarily heavy post-office work of the town. Notwithstanding the explicit notices as to the expediency of early posting which the Post Office is always careful to publish at this season, there are always thousands of persons who defer posting their valentines until the last post on the eve of the festival, and even till the day itself, with the consequence of causing much inconvenience both to the post-office people and to the addressees.

In the provinces the pressure of postal work on Feb. 14 is still greater than in the metropolis. Everywhere in country and rural districts it is extreme. District postmasters have to exercise considerable forethought as to the appliances required for the occasion, and careful judgment as to the best manner of disposing of the work. In many districts a wise course is pursued by issuing the obviously genuine letters and ordinary correspondence for delivery before sending out the ostensible and undignified valentines—a course much appreciated by business and commercial men, though probably not so favourably viewed by the valentine community. It is a picturesque sight in rural districts, and one no less pretty than amusing, to watch the postmen turning out on St. Valentine's morning with huge bags filled almost to bursting point—or, as the gentle Elia so aptly puts it, "sinking under a number of delicate embarrassments not their own"—assisted in the carriage of their loads by liveried satellites in the shape of boy-messengers lent from the telegraph department, and pressed for the nonce into the service of love.

Those who are behind the scenes at the Post Office have ample opportunity of judging of the character of the valentines passing through the post, and, if not wholly interesting, it must be vastly amusing to them to see the curious diversity with which they have to deal. Of the purely sentimental valentine, little or nothing can, as a rule, be seen because for the most part it is well concealed within the folds of a stout envelope or paper parcel; but such is not the case with valentines of the comic character, the multitudinous variety of which annually passing through the post, only those who deal with our letters can form any adequate idea. The comic element has, indeed, for some years past, been asserting itself to an unlimited degree in the customs of St. Valentine's Day, and bids fair to soon become the predominating feature of the festival. All sorts of things, imaginable and unimaginable, pass through the post as valentines. China and rag dolls are, for instance, very popular, and whilst some are posted in a shocking state of simplicity, others are gaily dressed and decorated with ribbons, tassels, feathers, and pieces of needle-work, without the slightest regard to the convenience of the Post Office in delivering them. Newly-married couples are sure to be inundated with gentle reminders from their friends of the probable blessings in store for them in the shape of baby-dolls of this kind, and old bachelors are not unfrequently also reminded of their single wretchedness in a like manner. Biscuits, scones, and rolls, curiously enough, are greatly affected for the purpose of valentine humour, and these are generally quaintly decorated, with the addresses inscribed on them. Some people, too, appear to find amusement in sending little coffins containing dolls dressed as babies. All sorts of toys, especially "jumping jacks," monkeys on sticks, and tin whistles are brought into use on this festive occasion, besides boxes containing shirt fronts, collars, cuffs, and toy baby-linen, each according to the jocular insinuation designed by their despatch. In such manner, too, a gentle hint is often given to a friend of any little foible or weakness which it is desirable should be abandoned.

Many of the toy and other comic valentines are made amusing by the curious addresses and labels attached to them, and in some cases the cover would seem to betray the fact that the best part of the sender's efforts had been expended in decorating the outside. Some valentines have not only long and elaborate addresses, covering both back and front of the envelope, but also bear facetious instructions to the postmen, with the generous view, perhaps, of enlivening their burdensome path on Feb. 14; although, as a matter of fact, such diversions tend rather to hinder and retard these hard-worked officials in their duty. The less-educated classes seem especially to delight in doggrel verse, and frequently so cover the envelope with their effusions, that it becomes difficult for the Post Office people to eliminate the name and address of the favoured addressee. The better-educated classes, on the other hand, ventilate their humorous vein by endeavouring as far as possible to alter the name and address, so as to introduce some joke, without baffling the postman.

When the comic element first entered into the customs of St. Valentine's Day, the first consequence was that the character of a large number of the valentines sent was extremely odious, and even, in some cases, revolting. To send a dead mouse or rat was long a favourite method of exhibiting spite on such occasions; and even now there lingers amongst

the uneducated classes in the provinces a spirit for this kind of gross humour, and mice, rats, pigs' feet, and red-herrings, dressed as babies and decorated with ribbons, are still not unfrequently found to figure among the curious valentines handed into the post. Fortunately, their delivery never now takes place, for it is a stringent rule at the Post Office to arrest all openly offensive missives. To this wise regulation may be attributed in a large measure the marked change for the better in the character of the valentines which of late years have passed through the post, for the number which the authorities are obliged to withhold has now become very small in proportion to the whole number of valentines with which they have to deal—a circumstance that to most people must be a source of gratification.

A. G. B.

## CLEOPATRA:

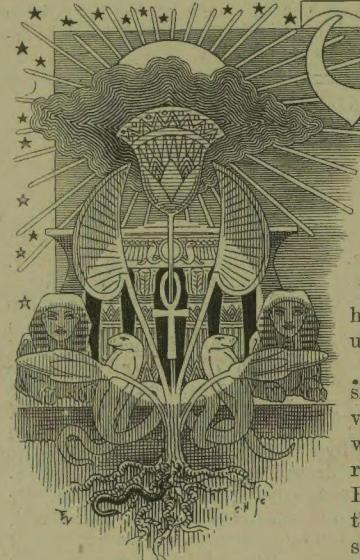
BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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## CHAPTER IX.

OF THE COMING OF CHARMION, AND OF THE WRATH OF SEPA.



"It is well," he answered. "Unveil thyself; here thou art safe."

With a little sigh of weariness she unclasped the peplos and let it slip from her, giving to my sight the face and form of that beauteous girl who had stood to fan Cleopatra in the chariot. For she was very fair and pleasant to look upon, and her Grecian robes clung sweetly about her supple limbs and budding form. Her wayward hair, flowing in a hundred little curls, was bound in with a golden fillet, and on her feet were sandals. Her cheeks blushed like a flower, and her dark soft eyes were downcast, as though with modesty, but smiles and dimples trembled about her lips.

My uncle frowned when his eyes fell upon her dress.

"Why comest thou in this garb, Charmion?" he asked sternly. "Is not the dress thy mothers wore good enough for thee? This is no time or place for woman's vanities. Thou art not here to conquer, but to obey."

"Nay, be not wroth, my father," she answered softly; "perchance thou knowest not that she whom I serve will have none of our Egyptian dress; it is out of fashion. To wear it would have been to court suspicion—also I came in haste." And as she spoke I saw that all the while she watched me covertly through the long lashes which fringed her modest eyes.

"Well, well," he said sharply, fixing his keen glance upon her face, "doubtless thou speakest truth, Charmion. Be ever mindful of thy oath, girl, and of the cause to which thou art sworn. Be not light-minded, and I charge thee forget the beauty wherewith thou hast been cursed. For mark thou this, Charmion: fail us but one jot, and vengeance shall fall on thee—the vengeance of man and the vengeance of the Gods! To this service," he continued, lashing himself to anger as he went on till his great voice rang in the narrow room, "hast thou been bred; to this end hast thou been instructed and placed where thou art to gain the ear of that wicked, wanton whom thou seemest to serve. See thou forget it not; see that the luxury of yonder Court doth not corrupt thy purity and divert thy aim, Charmion," and his eyes flashed and his small form seemed to grow till it attained to dignity—nay, almost to grandeur. "Charmion," he said, advancing towards her with outstretched finger, "I say to thee that at times I do not trust thee. But two nights gone I dreamed I saw thee standing in the desert. I saw thee laugh and lift thy hand to heaven, and therefrom fell a rain of blood; then the sky sank down on the land of Khem and covered it. Whence came the dream, girl, and what is its meaning? Naught have I against thee as yet; but hearken! On the moment that I have, though thou art of my kin, and I have loved thee—on that moment, I say, will I doom those delicate limbs, which thou lovest so much to show, to the kite and to the jackal, and the soul within thee to all the tortures of the Gods! Unburied shalt thou lie, and bodiless and accursed shalt thou wander in Amenti!—aye, for ever and ever!"

He paused, for his sudden burst of passion had spent itself. But by it, more clearly than before, I saw how deep a heart had this man beneath the cloak of his merriness and simplicity of mien, and how fiercely the mind within him was set upon his aim. As for the girl, she shrank from him terrified, and, placing her hands before her sweet face, began to weep.

"Nay, speak not so, my father," she said, between her sobs; "for what have I done? Naught know I of the evil

wandering of thy dreams. I am no soothsayer that I should read dreams. Have I not carried out all things according to thy desire? Have I not been ever mindful of that dread oath?"—and she trembled. "Have I not played the spy and told thee all? Have I not won the heart of the Queen so that she loves me as a sister, refusing me nothing, aye, and the hearts of those about her? Why dost thou affright me thus with thy words and threats?" and she wept afresh, looking even more beautiful in her sorrow than she was before.

"Enough, enough," he answered; "what I have said, I have said. Be warned, and affront our sight no more with this wanton dress. Thinkest thou that we would feed our eyes upon those rounded arms—we whose stake is Egypt, and who are dedicated to the Gods of Egypt? Girl, behold thy cousin and thy King!"

She ceased weeping, wiping her eyes with her chiton, and I saw that they seemed but the softer for her tears.

"Methinks, most Royal Harmachis and beloved cousin," she said, as she bent before me, "that we are already made acquainted?"

"Yea, cousin," I answered, not without shamefacedness, for never before had I spoken to so fair a maid; "thou went in the chariot with Cleopatra this day when I struggled with the Nubian."

"Assuredly," she said, with a smile and a sudden lighting of the eyes, "it was a gallant fight and gallantly didst thou overthrow that black brute. I saw the fray and, though I knew thee not, greatly did I fear for one so brave. But I paid him for my fright, for it was I who put it into the mind of Cleopatra to bid the guards strike off his hand—now, knowing who thou art, I would I had said his head." And she looked up shooting a glance at me and then smiled.

"Enough," put in my uncle Sepa, "the time draws on. Tell thou thy mission, Charmion, and be gone."

Thereon her manner changed; she folded her hands meekly before her and spake:

"Let Pharaoh hearken unto his handmaiden. I am the daughter of Pharaoh's uncle, the brother of his father, who is now long dead, and therefore in my veins also flows the Royal blood of Egypt. Also I am of the ancient faith, and hate these Greeks, and to see thee set upon the throne has been my dearest hope now for many years. To this end have I, Charmion, become serving-woman to Cleopatra, that I might cut a notch wherein thou couldst set thy foot when the hour came for thee to climb the throne. And behold! O Pharaoh, the notch is cut.

"This, then, is our plot, Royal cousin. Thou must gain an entrance to the Household and learn its ways and secrets, and, so far as maybe, suborn the eunuchs and captains, some of whom I have already tempted. This done, and all things being prepared without, thou must slay Cleopatra, and, aided by me, with those whom I control, in the confusion that shall ensue throw wide the gates, and, admitting those of our party who are in waiting, put such of the troops as remain faithful to the sword and seize the Bruchium. Which being done thou shalt within two days hold this fickle Alexandria. At the same time those who are sworn to thee in every city in Egypt shall rise in arms, and within ten days from the death of Cleopatra thou shalt be Pharaoh indeed. This is the counsel which has been taken, and thou seest, Royal cousin, that, though our uncle yonder doth think so ill of me, I have learned my part—aye, and played it."

"I hear thee, cousin," I answered, marvelling that so young a woman, for she had but twenty years, could weave so bold a plot, for in its origin the scheme was hers. But in those days I little knew Charmion. "Go on; how then shall I gain entrance to the palace of Cleopatra?"

"Nay, cousin, as things are it is easy. Thus—Cleopatra loveth to look upon a man, and—give me pardon!—thy face and form are fair. To-day she noted them, and twice she said she would; she had asked where that astrologer might be found, for she held that an astrologer who could wellnigh slay a Nubian gladiator with his bare hands, must indeed be a master of the stars. I answered her that I would cause inquiry to be made. So hearken, Royal Harmachis—at mid-day Cleopatra sleeps in her inner hall that looks over the gardens to the harbour. At that hour, then, will I meet thee at the gates of the Palace, whither come thou boldly asking for the Lady Charmion. I will make appointment for thee with Cleopatra, so that she shall see thee alone when she wakes, and the rest shall be for thee, Harmachis. For much she loves to play with the mysteries of magic, and whole nights have I known her stand watching the stars and making a pretence to read them. And but lately hath she sent away Dioscorides the Physician, in that poor fool! he ventured on a prophecy from the conjunction of the stars that Cassius would defeat Mark Antony. Thereon Cleopatra dispatched to the General Allienus, bidding him add the legions she had sent to Syria to help Antony to the army of Cassius, whose victory, forsooth, was—according to Dioscorides—written on the stars. But, as it chanced, Antony beat Cassius first and Brutus afterwards, and so Dioscorides hath departed, and now he lectures for his bread on herbs in the museum, and hates the name of stars. But his place is empty, and thou shalt fill it, and then we will work in secret and in the shadow of the sceptre. Aye, we will work like the worm at the heart of a fruit, till the time of plucking comes, and on thy dagger's touch, Royal cousin, the fabric of this Grecian throne crumbles to nothingness, and the worm that rotted it bursts his servile covering, and, in the sight of empires, spreads his royal wings o'er Egypt."

I gazed at this strange girl once more astonished, and saw that her face was lit up with such a light as I had never seen upon the face of woman.

"Ah," broke in my uncle, who was watching her, "ah, I love to see thee so, girl. There is the Charmion that I knew and I bred up—not the Court girl, whom I love not, draped in silks of Cos and fragrant with essences. Let thy heart harden in this mould—aye, stamp it with the fervid zeal of patriot faith, and thy reward shall find thee. And now cover



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

*"Let Pharaoh hearken unto his handmaiden."*

up that shameless dress of thine and leave us, for it grows late. To-morrow shall Harmachis come, as thou hast said. And so, farewell."

Charmion bowed her head, and, turning, wrapped her dark-hued peplos round her. Then, taking my hand, she touched it with her lips and without any further word she went.

"A strange woman!" said Sepa, when she had gone; "a most strange woman and an uncertain!"

"Methought, my uncle," I said, "that thou wast somewhat harsh with her."

"Aye," he answered, "but not without a cause. Look

thou, Harmachis: beware of this Charmion. She is too wayward, and, I fear me, may be led away. In truth, she is a very woman; and, like a restive horse, will take the path that pleases her. Brain she has, and fire; and she loves our cause; but I pray that the cause come not face to face with her desires, for what her heart is set on that will she do—at any cost will she do it. Therefore did I frighten her now, while I may: for who can know but that she will pass beyond my power? I tell thee, that in this one girl's hand lie all our lives: and if she play us false, what then? Alas! and alas! that we must use such tools as these! But it was needful: there was no other way;

and yet I misdoubt me. I pray that it may be well; and still, at times, I fear my niece Charmion—she is too fair, and the blood of youth runs too warm in those blue veins of hers. Oh, woe to the cause that builds its strength upon a woman's faith; for women, I say, are faithful only where they love, and when they love their faithlessness becomes their faith. They are not fixed as men are fixed: they rise more high and sink more low—they are strong and changeful as the sea. I say to thee, Harmachis, beware of this Charmion: for, like the ocean, she may float thee home; or, like the ocean, she may wreck thee, and, with thee, all the hope of Egypt!"

*(To be continued.)*

## NEW BOOKS.

*The Tshi-Speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast of West Africa.* By A. B. Ellis, Major, 1st West India Regiment (Chapman and Hall).—Scientific ethnologists, treating of the native races of tropical and southern Africa, whose prehistoric origin is hopelessly obscure, are now accustomed to range them in a few large groups, distinguished in each case by a peculiar syllable, usually a grammatical particle, dominant in the various languages of the whole group. "Tshi," pronounced "Tshwi," is the characteristic note of those populations, the Ashantis, the Fantis, the Assins, Adansis, Ahantas, Wassaws, Akims, and several others, inhabiting the Gold Coast and the forest region to the north of it, between the Assini River to the west and the Volta to the east. The British colony of Cape Coast Castle, having absorbed the old Dutch forts and trading factories along this coast, exercises an imperfectly organised dominion over the tribes within seventy or eighty miles of the sea, and has repeatedly been in conflict with the powerful Ashanti kingdom, beyond the Prah, its well-known boundary river. Our readers will not have forgotten the military expedition successfully conducted by Lord Wolseley (then Sir Garnet Wolseley) at the beginning of 1874, to chastise King Coffee Calcalli for his invasion of the Fanti Protectorate, and for imprisoning two or three English and German missionaries. The capture and burning of Coomassie was an exploit that afforded the topic of stirring narrative in the newspapers of that day, and was abundantly illustrated by the sketches of Mr. Melton Prior, our own Special Artist. We have recently given two Sketches of a British diplomatic mission sent to the Ashantis upon the occasion of a new King being enthroned by the consent of their feudal chiefs at the termination of a long and sanguinary civil war. No substantial advantage, beyond the maintenance of peace with the British Protectorate, can be expected from any further meddling with the internal politics of the Tshi-speaking nations. But the study of their social condition, of their manners, habits, traditions, and institutions, presented by Major Ellis in this volume as the fruit of twelve or thirteen years' personal observation and inquiry, seems a valuable addition to our knowledge of mankind. Comparison of the ideas and conventional usages of an utterly barbarous folk, which has remained for many ages in effectual isolation, with the primitive notions and practices even of those ancient nations who attained the most refined civilisation, such as the Greeks and Romans, is apt to be instructive. The worship of numerous local deities, those of hills, lakes, and rivers, rocks, and forests and seas, and of tribal gods, family gods, and guardian spirits of individuals, does not, among the gross savages of West Africa, take such graceful and poetical forms as it did in the classical mythology; but it appears to us a not more irrational superstition, "carent quia vate sacro." Nor does the ritual by which negro priests and priestesses, who earn lucrative fees and high reputation as witch-finders and doctors of obscure diseases, "casting out devils" from the bodies of their afflicted patients, seem less warrantable than the miraculous healing arts in vogue among the Jews at the time of Jesus Christ, or than the exorcisms that were current a thousand years later in Europe during the Middle Ages. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has not only traced, with philosophic insight, the speculative principles of sociology, but has collected and arranged a quantity of materials for its comparative investigation by the way of induction, may welcome the statements of writers like Major Ellis as contributing much to his store. Religion, indeed, such as it is, and morality, such as it is, among the Tshi-speaking nations, with the State ceremonies, the Royal prerogatives, the customary observances at births, marriages, and deaths, and those horrible human sacrifices which attend the funerals of an Ashanti monarch, all connected with religion, occupy the greater part of this book. In general, the gods of these people are devils; for they lack the more ennobling Pagan adoration of the sun, moon, and stars, and pay divine homage only to the imaginary evil spirits dwelling in earthly objects which they suspect of doing them harm, or in places where some accidental mischief has been done. This is the "natural religion" of Africa; and, though one would rejoice at any prospect of its being materially affected by the direct teaching of any sort of Christianity, the intermediate advance of Mohammedanism, which may perhaps be considered a non-Christian branch of Judaism, is a beneficent dispensation for the northern portion of that benighted Continent. It has not yet reached the Tshi-speaking race of the West Coast.

*The Land of the Pink Pearl.* By L. D. Powles (Sampson Low and Co.).—Enigmatic titles for books describing countries already known by name to the most rudimentary popular geography seem to be a literary mistake. This volume had lain unopened, some time longer than it ought, before we discovered that it was an account of the Bahamas. It is said that a rare pink pearl, of high price, may occasionally be found in a peculiar species of shell-fish which haunts some parts of that archipelago. But Mr. Powles does not claim to have seen the pink pearl, nor does this pretty little anecdote of natural history, which belongs rather to the sea than to the land, make any difference whatever to his views of the islands, their people, and their government as a British colony. We read of these matters with some interest, and accept his testimony for what it may be worth, but not without regret, to the disengagement of the "Conchs," the descendants of the former generation of white planters and settlers, especially taking note of the alleged oppression of the labouring negro race. Mr. Powles, during his abode of less than a twelvemonth in the colony, held the office of Circuit Justice, and went the round of the outlying islands, which are seldom visited by travellers from England. The little seaport city of Nassau, on the Isle of New Providence, is familiar enough both to commercial men and to many families—especially American—who spend the winter in its delightful climate. According to Mr. Powles, the Nassau townspeople, who make the laws by their predominance in the House of Assembly, and by their control over a starved and enfeebled local administration, not only monopolise, through unjust regulations of trade and industry, an exorbitant profit from the various produce of all the other islands, which are much larger and naturally more important than New Providence, but keep the negro and mulatto population in abject misery. The Governor, who at that time, in 1886 and 1887, was Sir Henry Blake, seems powerless to effect the needful reforms. With a disposition, from the testimony of Mr. Froude and other writers on the West Indies, and from the example of Jamaica, to believe that legislation by little Colonial Parliaments of white men is the worst possible form of government for communities where negro slavery has been abolished, and that every such colony should be ruled autocratically by the representative of the Crown, we should incline to accept the evidence of Mr. Powles against the existing system. Yet his judgment may possibly be biased by a personal grievance, for he was soon driven to resign his post and quit the Bahamas on account of a dispute with an influential class of the inhabitants who complained of his zeal to protect the negroes from gross ill-treatment. This may not be at all to his discredit as a humane English gentleman and an upright magistrate,

but we are compelled, until the other side of the question is exhibited, to suspend our judgment on his serious charges against the leading people of the colony. It is evident that the industrial condition of these fine islands, of which about twenty are inhabited, with a collective population of 45,000, and which have a most fertile soil easy of cultivation, with choice fruits, valuable woods, prolific fisheries, salt, coral, shells, sponges, and other marketable products, is deplorably backward. Mr. Powles states that the labouring classes and peasantry are so badly fed as to lose their bodily strength, while those engaged in growing pineapples, or other fruit and vegetables, or in getting sponges, for sale, are not paid in money, but are forced to submit to an iniquitous truck system, and are charged enormous prices for clothing unfit to wear, and for unwholesome articles of food. They are much worse off, he considers, than they were in slavery; while the sugar plantations have become an overgrown wilderness and the old planters' mansions have fallen into ruins. With this melancholy general view of human interests in the Bahamas, there is but a slight compensation in reading of the beautiful colours of the sea-water, the lovely submarine "coral-gardens," the brilliant fishes, the birds, and the flowers. The author's circuit voyages among those islands, which extend several hundred miles in the Atlantic between Hayti and Florida, were made in small sailing-vessels, and much time was often wasted in the tedious and difficult navigation.

*The Land of the Hibiscus Blossom.* By Hume Nisbet (Ward and Downey).—The hibiscus, a flowering shrub not unknown in many tropical lands, grows also in Papua or New Guinea, and here supplies a geographical emblem similar to that alluded to in the title of another volume, "The Land of the Pink Pearl." Mr. Hume Nisbet, who has travelled extensively in Australasia, visited in 1887 the principal missionary, mercantile, and Government stations in Torres Straits and on the shores of the Papuan Gulf, where he saw and heard much both of the natives, and much also of the white men, a very mixed company, including some wild and rough fellows not mindful of legal or moral restraint, frequenting that region little to the good of the natives. He has cast the result of his observations and impressions into the form of an adventurous romance, which is based, however, on a correct delineation of localities, of the habits and customs of the people, and of the manner of which similar incidents, as in some notorious murders and massacres on that coast and in the neighbouring islands, have actually taken place. The lawless ruffians, European and American, who were attracted thither by the gains of collecting pearls, bêche-de-mer, and copra, perpetrated almost every crime. Carolina Joe, the Greek "Niggeree," General Flagcroucher, and Professor Killmann, are imaginary persons; but there have been persons like them, and there may be such persons still. Comparing these emissaries of civilised Christendom with the Papuan aborigines, it might be questionable whether the former be not the greatest savages or brutes. They are certainly the worst specimens of human nature in that region. As a story of adventures, perils, combats, and escapes, with several interesting native women and girls involved in the plot, this Hibiscus tale seems as entertaining as others of its kind. Queen Ine, who has become the wife of the blackguard adventurer from America, a stately black Princess degraded to the condition of a whiteman's slave, must have been handsomer in face than she appears in her portrait; her maternal affection, and the patient dignity with which she endured her sorrows, appeal to the reader's sympathy. The arch coquette of Rea, beloved of the young chief Kamo, who has visited the colony of Queensland, and has returned to describe its wondrous sights, is not a little amusing, when he makes her understand riding on horseback by going down on his hands and knees and inviting her to mount on his back. Hector Danby, a gentleman superior to his associates in character and education, finds a native girl whom he decides to marry, and intends to settle as a farmer in the "Land of the Hibiscus Blossom."

*Through the Heart of Asia over the Pamir to India.* By Gabriel Bonvalot. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall).—This book was first published in France, and is translated by Mr. C. B. Pitman. It appears in English with the original illustrations, 250 in all, which are particularly good; many of them rough, but artistic, and full of character. Albert Pepin, the artist, was one of the travellers with M. Bonvalot, and has been successful in giving the types of each country—Persians, Turkomans, Afghans, Kirghiz, and Siah Posh; all that came under his pencil is capitally rendered. We may particularly notice the illustrations of the Siah Posh Kaffirs, and much interest is attached to that peculiar and little-known race of people; but the text contains no reference to them, or to any of the questions connected with their ethnology or customs. It may be, however, that the author only intends this as a mere record of the journey, and that he will supplement it with another work containing the substantial results of his observations. A remark about his explorations at Termiz, on the Oxus, gives some support to this expectation, and he certainly accomplished a journey entitling him to rank high among modern travellers. The interest of the journey begins when he leaves Tiflis and proceeds through Ghilan, the "Land of Mud," to Resht and Tehran. From Tehran he travelled east by the "Great Highway of Armies and Conquerors" to Meshed, a route of which many Sketches appeared in *The Illustrated London News* about four years ago, when our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, accompanied Sir Peter Lumsden, the Chief Afghan Frontier Commissioner, to the banks of the Heri-Rud and of the Murghab. The French traveller went on to Merv and Samarcand. He was to have passed through Afghanistan to India; but, the Afghans being jealous and obstructive, M. Bonvalot gave up what might be called a direct attack for a flank movement. Passing through Ferghana, he crossed from the Alai, by the Kizil Urt Pass, to the Pamir, the high region in which are the sources of the Oxus, and which is also known as the Bam-i-Duniah, or "Roof of the World." His party crossed the eastern end of the Pamir, and, by Kunjut and Gilgit, ultimately reached India through Cashmere. The first great difficulty in this part of the journey was the snow. The Pamir plateau is about as high as Mont Blanc; and the explorers entered on it at the end of March, while snow was still falling, with the thermometer at times far below zero. Day after day they had to struggle through this wintry region, with the snow up to the horses' girths, while a bitterly cruel wind, often with snow in it, was blowing in their faces. At night they had to bivouac on the snow. When they met any of the Kirghiz, it was hard to know whether they were friends or foes. At last, their horses died, their food became scarce, they were robbed, and ultimately they were stopped at Chitral, and became prisoners, where they remained till relieved by orders from Lord Dufferin, who was then Viceroy of India. The hardships and perils endured by these travellers will be read with much interest. It was fifty-one years ago—in February, 1838—that Wood made his celebrated journey to the source of the Oxus. He also had to force his way over the snow, and, so far, his journey bears some resemblance to M. Bonvalot's; but Wood, being only a few days on the high plateau, succeeded in his object without the serious dangers here related.

## A VILLAGE COMMON.

If one knows the Common really there is no need to consult an almanack to discover the day of the week: the special appearances sacred to each separate morning tell that to the observer without any trouble at all!

The deep and wonderful peace that marks out the country Sunday from the rest of the week is accentuated on our Common; even the stately geese that wander there are subdued and quiet, while the children walk, instead of racing and screaming as they do on ordinary days, and are so smart and aggressively clean that we hardly recognise the young romps, who on every possible occasion make our lives a burden to us, by ringing our porch bell at untoward moments, or by swinging on the open gate until its hinges are in jeopardy, and a worse scroop than usual from the unfortunate thing, as it grinds along the gravel-path, rouses us from our work, and we rush out, scattering them to the four winds across the Common by our mere appearance on the scene. But on Sunday the whole atmosphere seems changed; the neat print bags which hold their prize bibles and prayer-books are carried quietly, and are not swung and thrown at each other's heads as are their week-day satchels. The boys resist—how, we can't make out—the temptation to tilt the girls' very best hats over their eyes; and not even the deepest and muddiest puddle, by which a pile of stones stands everlasting in a remarkably handy manner, causes them to break forth into Monday's whoops and yells; and as we watch them disappear one after the other into the school-house, whence presently a familiar hymn-tune issues madly, we wish it were always Sunday, so little do we suffer from the Common children on that peaceful, blessed day.

The last hour before tea on a summer Sunday afternoon is perhaps our favourite time; the limes at the lower end, beyond the second pond, are murmurous with a myriad bees; the trim little gardens behind the battered palings—all more or less injured by the young scamps who rule the neighbourhood with a rod of iron—are one blaze of bright colour; the clean white curtains are looped back with gay ribbons, and on every seat we can see a separate pair of sweethearts, who, quite oblivious of the Common's thousand eyes, bill and coo, quarrel and make it up again, little knowing how eagerly we watch their small manoeuvres, or how much pleasure their little stories give us, as we note them year by year, following them, not unseldom, from the very cradle to the quiet graves over across the Common, where the tall, red spire glows afternoon after afternoon, evening after evening, as it catches and reflects the very last glimpses of the setting sun.

On Monday, the Common bursts suddenly into life; the children shout to their hearts' content; and presently the whole place seems to blossom out into white: from every possible spot the village "washing" flaps, dances, floats, flutters, in the never-failing breeze. But the washing does not appear until all the door-steps are cleaned, and the doctor's little maid has polished violently the worn brass plate, in the letters on which very little of the original black enamel is left—for is not the owner the third of the very same name who has used that plate, and inherited the house with the surgery next door? whence issues always a mysterious mingled odour of old-fashioned drugs, the very names of which have vanished from our modern treatment, but which did infinite good, we cannot help thinking, to naughty boys and girls, even if the sickly ones did not benefit much by them! The heap of stones is taken possession of by the old man, who is popularly supposed, from mysterious hints dropped by him, to have seen the battle of Waterloo; but who is, unfortunately for him, too well remembered by the "oldest inhabitant" to benefit by that assertion, and as we watch him settle down to his task, breaking about one stone in a quarter of an hour, we wonder if the heap will ever dwindle quite away, or if he will ever break enough to fill the ruts in the road over which we watch the doctor's "four-wheel" bump gallantly as he leaves on his rounds—those mysterious rounds which sometimes even include visits to the country! But we hear too little about them to please us, for, a doctor by inheritance, he has learned to hold his tongue so completely that not even the cheery little wife who keeps his dinner warm for him when he is late, and is the terror of all those who ring the night-bell in the unnecessary and constant manner so dear to our anxious villagers, knows anything more about the patients than they like to tell her themselves, and she is far too busy with the fourth generation of coming doctors to listen very much to them.

The rest of the days of the week have each their distinctive marks had we but space to tell them all; but we must not dwell on Tuesday, with its exciting visits to the market-town in the afternoon, and its equally entrancing calls from the tradespeople, who only come up the hill twice in the whole week; on Wednesday, with its quiet service in the old church and—wae's me, as Carlyle would say—its half-holiday for the urchins; on Thursday, when the oldest inhabitant is "at home"—not that she ever goes out (but that is a mere detail), when muffins scent the air, and we are all to be found, according to the season, in the garden or round the fireside; on Friday, when things are a little dull, and we feel rather disorganised and depressed; or on Saturday, when the chimneys smoke gallantly, and the whole Common is "fearfully busy," preparing for the Sunday dinner and the Sunday services and school.

Then the public-houses—of which, to our shame be it said, there are three on the edge of the Common itself—do a roaring trade. Baths steam in the cottages; smacks and shrill squeaks resound as the battle of the tubs progresses; and as the church-bells chime—at sundown in summer, at eight in winter—we begin to feel that Peace is on her way, and rejoice at the idea that we have another Sunday before us, in which we can rest if we will, and in which no man, save under the penalty of social death, may work.

Whatever there may be in the valley on our Common there is always beautiful weather. Of course it rains and blows sometimes; but from our vantage ground even this becomes pleasant, for here we have space to see the great clouds tearing along, chasing each other, and disappearing, so it appears to us, to brood silently and quietly over the dreary town—the town that calls us dull, and pities us for our existence out of the whirl of its streets and the noise of its mills and factories. And here we can perceive the first signs of better weather beyond the range of hills, where the sunset gashes the angry clouds with streaks of crimson, and where the moon will rise presently, dispersing with her gentle smile the very last of the storm.

They often have fog in the valley; but it never climbs up to our Common, but lies like a mysterious white sea in the hollow, the town spires emerging from it, or the tops of the trees appearing to swim among it, in a picturesque way, which we mention sometimes, casually, to the townsfolk when taunted by them with the lonely unfashionableness of our surroundings. Still, we are too sure of our superiority to care about their remarks; for whenever we do leave home, or visit our friends, at the end of the visit we always return with redoubled delight, redoubled interest, to our especial corner of the village Common.

## IN AUCHMITHIE.

"My certie! fisherwives ken better—they keep the man, and keep the house, and keep the siller, too, lassie."—THE ANTIQUARY.

A long stretch of gorse-covered moor, crossed only by the main road from Arbroath (the Fairport of "The Antiquary"), connects the little fishing-village of Auchmithie with the great trading centres of Forfarshire and Fife. And yet, what a world of difference in men and manners is apparent to the merest stranger, as he leaves the heath-covered moor behind him, and enters the one long narrow street of Auchmithie!

The North Sea dashes relentlessly, from year's end to year's end, against the red and yellow sandstone rocks that surround the coast-line; and has gnawed out of the cliffs huge and yawning chasms, caves of enormous extent, dignified by such names as Brandy Cave and Gillie's Pot, whose roofs are coloured with every conceivable tint and shade, reflected in bright light on the water beneath, and inhabited by crowds of sea birds—the "Tammie Norries" of Sir Walter Scott—the skriegh and skirl of which give an eerie feeling to the tourist who explores the dark and hidden recesses of the caverns.

Of this little fishing-village few outsiders know anything: local report accredits it with being the scene of "The Antiquary"; and wise folk will point out the site of the old inn—long since burnt down—the temporary residence, they will tell you, of Sir Walter Scott. Warming up to the subject, the innkeeper at the one modern hostelry now existent will deign to point out Ethie House, the supposed residence of Sir Arthur Wardour; and will assure you that Mussel Crag of "The Antiquary" is indisputably the Auchmithie of the present day. Lived ever yet the Scot who could not furnish you with rich details? Of strictly Scandinavian descent, the majority of fisherfolk in this little village remind you strongly of their progenitors across the ocean, among the fords of Norway. Centuries of intermarriage have, indeed, reduced their stature, but have not altered the main characteristics of this seafaring population. The welcome they accord to strangers is not always of the warmest, arising very likely from uncomplimentary remarks passed on them by outsiders, and from a dislike and jealousy of espionage in the exercise of their peculiar craft and profession. Certain it is that a life for centuries spent in the open has endowed these poor people with a physique beyond all praise; a type worthy of the consideration of painter and writer. The women climb the steep ascent from beach to dwelling-place on the upper heights of the craig, with "sculls" piled closely with fish of perhaps four or five stone weight; their rough serge skirts reaching only to the knee, their hair confined by coloured "toys" or close linen caps of red, yellow, or blue, sometimes by twisted kerchiefs of flannel, silk, or velvet; and they frequently discard their knitted hose and stout leather brogues with an indifference strongly in contrast to the apathy of their husbands, who stand looking on and taking their rest.

By far the greater share of work at Auchmithie is taken by the women-folk, and, as an old fisherman gravely assured me, the men don't marry out of the village, for "boroughs townwives" can't take to this kind of labour. Through wet or dry weather, the whole summer season, a stream of fisherwomen may be seen all day long tramping up the steep incline, from the little pebbly beach to the heights of the main cliff on which the village is built, laden with fish; and may be heard astir as early as two a.m., when they start their husbands off for their daily labour.

With skirts raised above reach of the waves, and their throats laid bare to the wind, they back up against the boats, and push off from the shingle, the men—five to a boat—being seated with rested oars, ready to pull the minute the boat reaches deep water, and frequently breaking into a dull plaintive kind of refrain, as the keel glides over the stones with a peculiar grating sound.

There is no harbour or stone quay here, such as the Vieux Port at Biarritz, and the exertion to get off the "cobles" is something terrific; but then, you see, the men must always start dry, as the women, one and all, unanimously agree; for the east wind beats pitilessly against the steep craigs, and there is always in the background that terrible fear for the bread-winner which makes these women truly heroic. In rough, stormy weather they shoulder their husbands, and carry them away through the surf to the boats. "It's aye hard work for the women," said the captain of the "cobles," who rejoiced, moreover, in being an elder of the church; but what could be done with no harbour, and the sea coming in with such force that there was no haven for shelter?

Forty or fifty families constitute this curious population, and their earnings may be put down at from £1000 to, perhaps, £1500 in a year. A short time ago neither church nor school existed here, and the old inhabitants of the village bear ample witness thereto by their natural roughness of manner, their scant efforts at scholarship, and, perhaps, their disregard of all hygiene and sanitation—which makes a visit to

Auchmithie not altogether an unmixed pleasure, and, but for the colony of rats, it would be altogether unbearable to the fastidious.

Every fisherman here owns the cottage he lives in, for which he pays ground-rent—one shilling per annum; and for every boat-load of fish a royalty to the ground landlord; the remainder is all profit, for he employs no assistants. His wife, his children, young and old, are retained in his service. His bait he buys of fishermen who come out from St. Andrews—mussels these, kept alive in creels in the shallow water of Castle Bay, and varied by limpets when the sea is calm and the children can get at them to chip them off the rocks.

Outside every cottage as you pass down the street you will see the fisher-families busy at work. Here is a mother, the head of the family, surrounded by her offspring, at all grades of labour. Side by side on a bucket sit two small boys, shelling mussel and limpet ready for baiting: quickly as they remove



THE RANE OF SIKKIM.

the tempting molluscs from their sheaths they are seized upon by their sisters and threaded on a line—1300 hooks to each line, which varies moreover in length from seventy score yards to perhaps a mile. The line is coiled on a creel previously covered with wet grass—fish being very dainty as to the bait they take—and the moment the line is ready it is again strewn with reed.

Close at hand a tall girl sits cleaning the fish, and cutting off the heads with greatest swiftness; the offal is placed in troughs and carted off for manure, or perhaps sorted, the heads being utilised for baiting pots for lobster.

Here sits a "curer" salting the haddock, washing and salting and layering them in a barrel. Here another woman secures them "tail and tail" and hangs them across wooden poles to dry in the sun, one hour accomplishes the desired end, sometimes rather longer on a "dull day." Then the haddies are closely packed and sent off to market, a horse and cart being retained for the use of the community. Many of the haddock are treated in quite a different manner, being smoked and fire-dried in excavated pits. Findhorn haddock is, I believe, the name applied to the process: wood and sawdust fires are lighted in square pits, and rods hung across them on the ground level, on which hang suspended the prepared fish; the smoke is kept in by covering the whole with sackcloth, damped from time to time to prevent the fish scorching or smoke escaping. The fish are turned repeatedly and sprinkled with water, and are taken down and packed as soon as they are ready; the retail price, I believe, is one halfpenny each, which, of course, varies greatly in respect of size.

Grades are observed in all parts of the industry, as was,

indeed, the case in Sir Walter Scott's day; these Nereids being most punctilious among themselves, and observing different ranks according to the commodity they deal in. One experienced dame (of Sir W. Scott's day), I am told, was heard thus to characterise a young, silly damsel of less knowledge than herself—"She's a pair silly thing with nae ambition: she'll never get a boon the mussel line of business." It is, perhaps, here worthy of notice that the "mussel line" is still the very lowest rank of the profession.

Crabs—i.e., partans—are caught in cloudy weather, and in bright clear water plenty of lobsters; seals are sometimes signalled and eagerly chased, for they do an immense injury to fishing and nets.

The Sabbath here (as by the fisher-folk in the Fleet, near Weymouth) is always strictly observed; the women of the village note it as a day of perfect rest, and may be seen in warm, sunny weather climbing the rocks in search of amusement. A church has been opened and likewise a school; and though the old folk here are often heard to bemoan themselves, and to say that Auchmithie is not what it once was, there is no doubt that with the advantages of the nineteenth century the industry will assume still wider proportions.

As a gynocracy, in its strictest sense (like many other villages of the Firth of Forth), Auchmithie has ere now attracted great attention. It was left to Mr. Black to record the services of a past generation of fisherwives of this village, who, when some enemy's vessels sailed up the harbour, threatening the coast in the absence of the fleet, manned some hired transports with the brave fisherwomen; and, not content with the reward bestowed on their husbands, claimed and received therefor a valuable badge, to be worn for all time by the Auchmithie Fisher-Queen, in token, I believe, "given and received, that the Auchmithie women had lent their husbands, who, had they been killed, would have made their wives the sufferers, since it was by their permission alone they embarked on the boats"!

E. K. P.

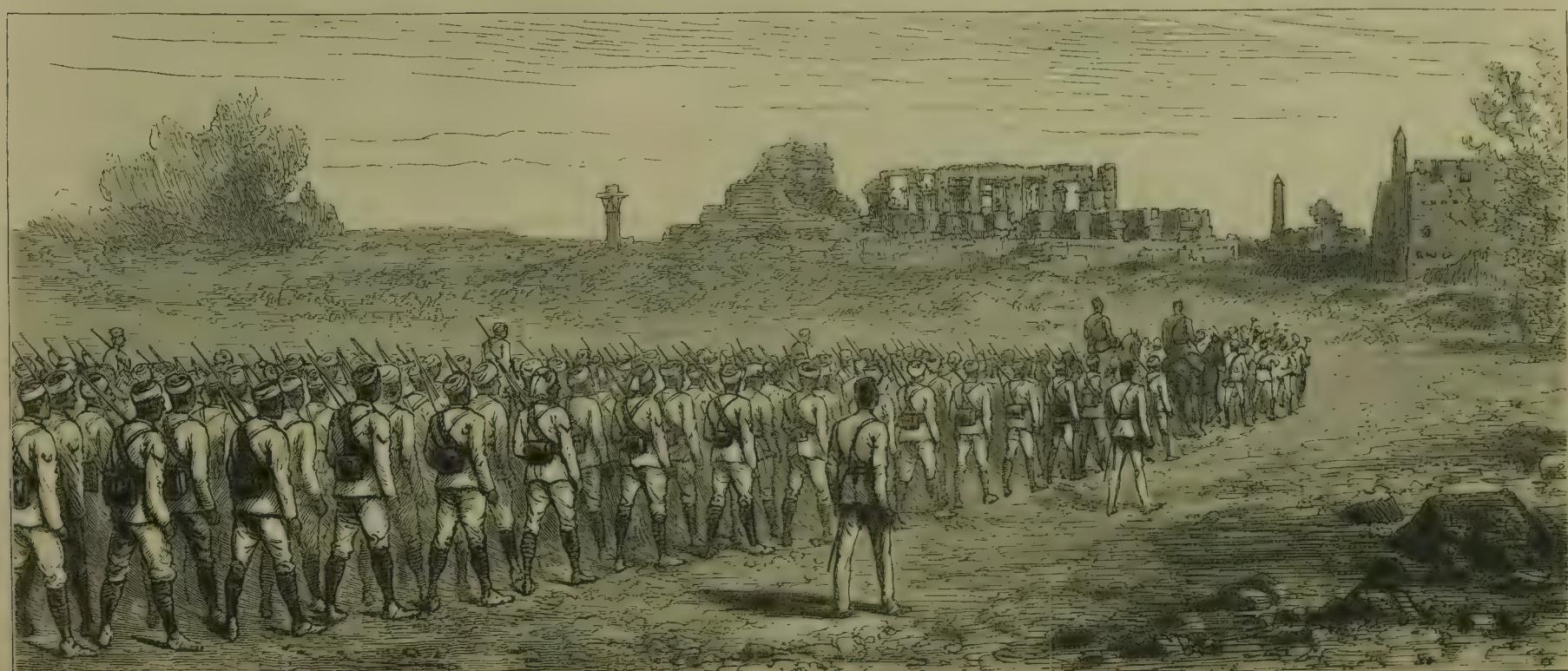
## THE RANE OF SIKKIM.

A Portrait of this lady, the wife of the Rajah of Sikkim, whose affairs last autumn involved the British Government of India in a military expedition to defend his mountain frontier against a Thibetan invasion, is now presented to our readers. It is from a photograph sent us by Captain J. P. White, Assistant Political Officer with the Sikkim Field-Force at that time. The Rane, who is a Thibetan Princess, is attired in a dress of blue and gold, with a red scarf, and with a unique head-dress, the ornaments of which are pearls, turquoises, and coral. The small territory of Sikkim, in the highlands of the Himalayas north of Darjeeling, between Bhootan and Nepal, contains about 50,000 inhabitants, whose ruler is subject to the British Indian Empire, and receives a pension from Government, but has also owned feudal dependence on the Lamas of Thibet, holding a portion of his territories, in the Chumbi Valley, as a Thibetan fief. This divided allegiance, the Rajah being a weak and timid man, led to the recent hostilities, and it is probable that the Thibetan friends and relatives of the Rane exercised an unfavourable influence on the policy of Sikkim.

## THE EGYPTIAN TROOPS AT KARNAK.

The valiant behaviour of the black Soudanese troops of the Egyptian Army, led by their English officers, in the action for the relief of Suakin, on Dec. 20, has been deservedly commended. On their departure from Suakin, instead of being conveyed up the Red Sea to Suez, the 10th Battalion of these troops landed higher up the coast, and marched across the desert to Luxor, on the Nile, where they embarked for Assouan. The commander, Colonel Donne, and other officers of the battalion, native Egyptian as well as English, were invited to dinner by the English visitors staying at Luxor, who also subscribed to distribute tobacco, sugar, and other articles to the soldiers, and to give money to the wives and families of the sick and wounded. A correspondent at Luxor, Mr. J. P. Simpson, has sent us photographs of the troops on their march, and of their assembly in the ancient ruined Temple at Karnak, which was an interesting scene, and is represented in the Illustration we have engraved.

The annual dinner of the Journeymen Bakers' Pension Society, for the relief of aged and infirm journeymen bakers, was given on Feb. 7 in the Holborn Restaurant. Mr. T. Thomson presided. The secretary stated that since 1875 the society had paid away to pensioners in monthly allowances £2500. During the evening subscriptions were announced amounting to £250.



EGYPTIAN TROOPS AT KARNAK.



"IRENE."—BY A. SEIFERT.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVII. WOBURN ABBEY.



1. Entrance-Gate.

2. South Façade from the Private Gardens.

3. Corner of the North Wing, built on the Foundation of the Abbey.

4. The Chinese Pavilion.

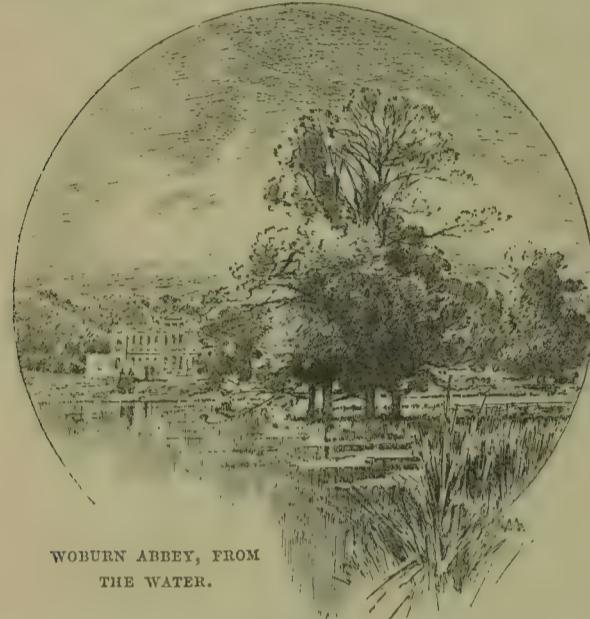
## ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XVII.

## Woburn

## Abbey.

IN the parish of Woburn, in the hundred of Manshead, in the deanery of Flitt, in the county of Bedfordshire, stands the great house of the Duke of Bedford, which has been known these seven centuries as Woburn Abbey. Bedford is a little county—one of the smallest in England—a level land of green fields, with low green hedges set with elms, which flourish greatly in its soil; there are ridges of hill, of no great height, now and again; and in one of its



WOBURN ABBEY, FROM THE WATER.

prettiest corners—on the western edge of the county, not far from the southern end—is the quiet town of Woburn, decaying, but ever dignified.

It is partly of its own act that Woburn is going down. At the beginning of the century it was steadily growing; by 1831 its population had reached the imposing number of eighteen hundred: but then came railways, and Woburn—like many other unwise towns—would none of them, bade them keep afar off. So the railway station is three miles from the town; and, delightful as is the drive over the little hill and through the wood, the commercial spirit of the age looks upon it as a drawback, and shuns Woburn as a dwelling-place. Wherefore, during the last half-century the population has decreased by almost a third; and the fine new church and substantial townhall are many sizes larger than there is need for; and even in the lovely park, where dwellers in Woburn have always leave to wander, wanderers are very few.

I think, however, that the great days of Woburn town were long before railways were dreamed of. A pleasant place, sheltered by hills to north and south, within a few miles of the great Roman highway, Watling-street, it was a market-town of some dignity when its abbey was ruled by men of might like Hugh De Soulbury or brave Robert Hobbs. (Later it was twice partly burnt down—in 1595 and 1724; but fires have little effect on a town that means to prosper.)

It was in 1145 that Hugh De Bolebec, or Bolebock, piously resolved to found a monastery of Cistercian monks. He was the son of a Norman Baron, who came to England from Bolebec, in Upper Normandy, with William the Conqueror, and received from him various manors in Buckinghamshire and other counties. Hugh De Bolebec, the son, seems to have been a man of a religious mind—he ended his life as a monk—and, taking the advice of Henry, Lord Abbot of a Cistercian monastery at Fountains, in Yorkshire, he “consecrated to divine uses a certain little village, Wouburne by name, in the diocese of Lincoln, with its adjacent lands.” And a body of fourteen monks, with one Allan as their Abbot, moved from Fountains to the new house at Woburn—or, as the authority just quoted has it, Wouburne. (Differences of opinion as to the spelling of this name continued long; in a “Guide to Woburn Abbey,” published in 1850, is a table of “the various ways of spelling Woburn, collected from letters and parcels by the postmaster.” These numbered two hundred and forty-four, among which one may cite, as specimens:—

Houboun	Hourbon	Houbone	Hawburn
Houbourn	Hooben	Noburn	Owburn
Ooboun	Uborn	Wurbourn	Woubon
Wocabbern	Woobaorn	Wobarn	Woswrin
WBun	Whoobowen	Wouboarene	Wwo Burn).

The site of the monastery—which was exactly that of the present house—was wisely chosen: it was sheltered by low hills and trees, and lay between two little streams, which, joining just beyond the house, made it easy to form three or four fishponds on different levels, but flowing into each other. From these was supplied a great part of the food of the reverend brothers, to whom the eating of flesh was rarely allowed; and their placid waters still give its greatest beauty to the park. Standing beside them, under trees by which some of the later brethren may have stood at their fishing, one looks at the great house that immediately succeeded the monastery, and recalls the memories of those older days. The words of Carlyle’s “Past and Present,” rising in one’s mind, apply as exactly to Woburn as to St. Edmundsbury:—“Dim, as through a long vista of Seven Centuries, dim and very strange looks that monk life to us; the ever-surprising circumstance this: that it is a *fact* and no dream, that we see it there, and gaze into the very eyes of it! Smoke rises daily from those culinary chimney-throats; there are living human beings there, who chant, loud-braying, their matins, nones, vespers; awaking *echoes*, not to the bodily ear alone.” And, unluckily, many of the echoes of Woburn ring to the same tune as those of Bury; and theirs is not the ring of gold, but of the lack of it—sheer emptiness, indeed. After a couple of centuries, Woburn Abbey was in a state more desperate than that of Bury St. Edmunds as Abbot Samson found it; though the convent registers for about half this time are unluckily lost, so that we cannot trace its descent from the prosperity established by Hugh De Bolebec.

We have, however, the confirmation by Henry II. of the founder’s charter—a document noteworthy for the curious names it contains, characteristic of this time of transition: Stephen De Pulocheshell, Pirot Binnion, Baghelella (a place), and such mixtures of French, English, and monk-Latin.

This charter was again confirmed by John, in 1204, when a cell dependent on the abbey was founded at Medmenham, since famous for a less holy fraternity; but it would seem that the monks were recalled to Woburn the same year, and the Abbot of Woburn deposed. The reason of these doings is not known; nor why Medmenham was again set going some years later. No doubt, however, things were not as they should have been, in the English monasteries generally. In 1212 we find a Bull issued by the Pope—Innocent III.—to the Abbots of St. Albans and Woburn to inquire into and correct certain gross scandals among the secular clergy; and in 1234 the crash came—hastened, perhaps, by the great frost and famine of that year. That it was a worse affair than that of Bury appears from the fact that not only was the Abbot, Richard, deposed, and a stranger—Roger, a monk from Fountains—appointed in his place, but the whole body of the brethren was dispersed into different monasteries till their debts were paid!

A queer little scrap of scandal comes journeying down to us from the year 1252, when Lady Jane Peyvre was buried here. This brave dame, only the year before, had married Lord John De Grey, despite the fact that the King had given the right of her marriage to a foreign soldier, Stephen De Satines. “Yet,” says the “Chronicle of Dunstable,” “about her funeral her husband showed little honour and reverence!”

For years after this it would seem that the bailiffs were in again—history tells us, at least, that the Abbey “suffered from the King’s bailiffs.” Roger, however, kept his rule here, and died Abbot in 1281—nearly half a century after his arrival from Fountains. To him succeeded Hugh De Soulbury, who had much ado to maintain the rights of his office when Edward I., in 1287, returned from the Crusades determined to see that no encroachments on the Royal power had been made in his absence.

The King summoned Hugh before his inquisitors, and bade him declare by what warrant he claimed to have view of frankpledge, market, and fair, in his manor of Woburn, and quittance from assisting the sheriff and his officers in cases of murder. The Abbot appeared, and said that he was privileged to hold view of frankpledge twice a year, when the sheriff made his visitation, and to make inquiry into the same things as the sheriff in his leet courts; namely—of the money found upon robbers and other malefactors, assize of bread and beer, hue-and-cry on bloodshed, false weights and measures, and other articles—and that he held his view on all inhabitants of the manor, and without feudal service to the king. Then they asked him if he had gallows and “other judicial instruments”—which sounds horribly like racks and thumbscrews—and he said yes, and thereupon tendered De Bolebec’s charter and asserted that Henry II. confirmed all the lands they held, with “sok, sak, thol, theam, and infangenthof,” and, moreover, with “quittance of shire and hundred, geld and Danegeld, aids and scutages, and all other secular service and exaction.” The Abbot also stated his right to a weekly market—on Fridays—and three fairs a year; and, after argument at Westminster, he won his case.

In 1332, Robert, the Abbot of the day, maintained his rights in Woburn and the neighbourhood; but had to recover the right of infangenthof by payment of half a mark—which does not seem dear. The abbey revenues appear to have risen pretty steadily: in 1291 they were £176 7s. 8½d., while at the Dissolution they amounted to £430 14s. 11d.—money having, of course, become cheaper in the meantime. The importance of the place is shown by the fact that in 1483 the Abbot of Woburn and two others were appointed Reformers and Visitors of all monasteries of their order in England.

The best known of the Abbots of Woburn was the last, Robert Hobbs—a man of sturdy courage, of fervent piety, respected and courted by many of the leading men of his day. At this time of corruption his monastery was free, or almost free, from vice; and for this Cromwell spoke strongly on his behalf to the King. But he was against the Reformation; he denied the King’s supremacy; he found fault (like many others) with Tindal’s translation of the Bible; he was believed to be opposed to Henry’s divorce from the Queen; and, worst of all, he was said to have compared the Defender of the Faith to Nabuchodonosor!

On the urgent entreaty of Cromwell, Hobbs pleaded guilty to these faults, or most of them; but he had a sturdy manner of confession, which was not unlike maintaining that he had been in the right all along. As a fact, he felt that he was a doomed man. He sent a ring, with a message of farewell, to his great friend, Sir Francis Bryan; he resigned into the King’s hands his Abbey of Woburn; and at last, apparently in despair, he joined the insurgents then on foot in Lincolnshire or Yorkshire. The end soon came. “The venerable Abbot,” says Wiffen, a historian of Woburn, “being taken in arms with his Prior and the Priest of Paddington, was brought back to the scene of his former quiet rule, and, habited as a traitor, was drawn on the fatal sledge to an oak-tree in the front of his monastery, and hung for his transgression.” “Hangman’s Oak” is still shown at Woburn, and a noble tree it is, though there are not wanting those who say that the true and original oak stood many yards nearer to the house. This point, however, is of less importance, since later historians have declared that Robert Hobbs was not hanged at Woburn at all, but in Essex. In any case, hanged he was; and with his cruel death ends the ecclesiastical history of Woburn, which passed into the ready hands of Henry VIII. His successor, Edward, a monarch of another type, gave the estate to one who before his death became possessed of many Church lands and revenues—John, Lord Russell, founder of the greatness of that great family which has been the only lay owner of Woburn.

Of the four Earls and nine Dukes of Bedford a proportion unusually large have been men of real eminence; but there are three names which must always stand above the rest in the history of the family—John Russell the first; Francis, called “the great Earl,” and Lord William Russell, the patriot.

John Russell—descended, it is said, originally, from the Du Rozels of Normandy, and certainly from a good old Dorsetshire family—furnished an excellent example of the value of a Continental education. The Archduke of Austria, being in

1506 driven by a storm on to the Dorsetshire coast, was hospitably entertained by Sir Thomas Trenchard of those parts, who luckily bethought him of his travelled cousin, John Russell, as one who could talk to these foreign gentry in their own tongues. This he did to such purpose that the delighted Archduke asked for his company to Windsor, and there introduced him, with warm commendation, to Henry VII.

With a man like John Russell—brave, handsome, energetic, capable and fascinating—the first step being gained all was gained. He became a prime favourite with the new King, Henry VIII., fought with him in France with great distinction, was knighted, made Marshal of the Marshalsea, Sheriff of Dorset and Somerset, an ambassador many times—to the Pope, the Emperor, and other monarchs—and in 1540 was created Lord Russell of Chenies, in Buckinghamshire. Other dignities and titles soon followed, and he died Earl of Bedford, and lord of many lands which had come into the King’s gift on the dissolution of the monasteries—in Devonshire, in Cambridge, in Northampton; with the Covent-garden district in London, and, finally, in 1547, Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire, and its possessions.

Francis, second Earl, was a statesman of eminence, and a member of Elizabeth’s Privy Council, and two, at least, of his sons were distinguished soldiers; but of his grandson, Edward, who succeeded him in the earldom, Pennant delicately remarks that “this nobleman was an exception to the good understanding this family is blest with.”

But the fourth Earl, Edward’s cousin and successor, atoned. This was Francis, called the “Great Earl of Bedford”: a wise and patriotic statesman, and the author of a splendid work which not only immensely enriched his own family, but added to the wealth of the kingdom—the drainage of the fens of Cambridge and Lincoln by “the construction of the great Bedford Level, to carry the Ouse River direct into the sea; holding it forcibly aloft in strong embankments for twenty straight miles or so; not leaving it to meander and stagnate, and in the wet season drown the country, as heretofore.”

One of the troubles of the great Earl’s life was the determination of his son and heir, William, to marry Anne Carr, daughter of that infamous pair, the Earl of Somerset and his Countess, late the divorced wife of Essex. It must be owned that Somerset behaved generously in the matter, selling his house at Chiswick and his jewels to furnish the dowry of £12,900 on which the Earl of Bedford had insisted—very likely with a view to making the marriage impossible. But love had its way; and the love-match, it is pleasant to say, turned out exceedingly well. Anne Carr proved worthy of her noble husband and his father; the story goes that she had never heard of her mother’s guilt till she read of it in a pamphlet, picked up accidentally in a library—where she was found, lying senseless beside the open book, stunned by the discovery. Her husband’s long and honourable life was clouded by the loss of his noble son, Lord William Russell, the fearless patriot, whose action in 1680 against the Duke of York—whom he “presented as a recusant” in the King’s Bench at Westminster Hall—was probably the real cause of his death, three years later. William Russell was beheaded, for his share in the Rye House Plot, on July 21, 1683, after the memorable trial in which his devoted wife, Lady Rachael, stood by him so bravely.

His father, the fifth Earl, though at first a leader on the side of the Parliament against Charles I., had shrunk from the extreme step of armed rebellion, and indeed fought on the King’s side at Newbury. But when, nearly half a century later, James II. appealed to the powerful and respected nobleman for aid in his extremity, the Earl replied that he was old, and unable to help. “I had, indeed, a son”—he said bitterly; and it is related that the King was unable to speak for some minutes. Truly, his sin had found him out.

The Earl was created Duke of Bedford by William III. in 1694—also the year of the creation of the dukedoms of Manchester and Leeds. He died in 1700, and his grandson—Wriothesley, eldest child of Lord William—reigned after him. Seven successive Dukes of Bedford have since been masters of Woburn. Of these the most famous was, no doubt, John, fourth Duke, the first Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to relax the barbarous Statutes against the Roman Catholics, and for twenty years a distinguished statesman. His grandson and successor, Francis, was widely known as an agriculturist, and established the famous annual sheep-shearings at Woburn, the forerunners of the modern agricultural shows. Twenty thousand people attended his funeral, at the family burial-place at Chenies.

Others of the greater Russells were Edward, grandson of the fourth Earl, the sturdy Admiral who beat the French at La Hogue, and whom King William made Earl of Orford; and the brilliant, enthusiastic, confident little figure—also, it was irreverently said, equal to taking command of the Channel Fleet—who has but of late years gone from among us, though he was the schoolfellow of Byron and the foremost rival of Peel. The great little “Lord John,” in his bright, eager portrait over one of the mantelpieces of Woburn, looks as boyish as ever Mr. Punch made him; and they say that on his last visit here he was as vivacious as ever.

So much—or rather, alas, as our space will have it, so little—for the men who have lived and died at Woburn Abbey. Now let me try to describe the house itself and its beautiful park.

Two minutes’ walk from the centre of Woburn town—where are congregated the townhall, the schools, the great inn,



BRIDGE IN THE PARK.

and the old church-tower, which used to stand half-a-dozen yards away from its church, now pulled down—and you are at the park gates. Here the main drive takes you, with imposing indirectness, to the chief entrance of the house; but a side-walk, dipping among trees to the right, seems prettier and shorter. You follow the windings of a little lake, covered with lilies, thick with reeds; you pass a cluster of pretty houses, and, soon after, spacious farm-buildings and offices, to

the right ; and then, through a gate, you come into the open park, seen across a narrow stream—the little river which, rising in the park, falls finally into the Ouse: whence, say some, comes “Ouseburn,” and thence “Woburn.” Others, with nobler views of the elasticity of language, explain the word to mean “A windig, deep, and narrow valley with a rivulet at the bottom, and the declivities interspersed with trees and bushes.” At any rate, here is the youthful tributary of the Ouse: a neat little stream, bordered by a line of oaks and chestnuts, and inhabited by irritable swans, who resent the approach of strangers, and ducks swimming inquisitively about at the head of their families. The road to the right leads you towards the house, soon to be seen over a sweep of wide, wavy park-land, banded with trees, speckled with moving deer, brightened by a broad pond that glimmers in the midday sun.

Going up the hill to the chief sheet of ornamental water—once also the chief fishpond of those comfortable monks—you are in full view of the great mansion, which stands back perhaps a couple of hundred yards from the little lake. A massive square building it is, of stone grey at the top but of a yellowish colour in the lower storeys. This is its great west front, 230 ft. long; in the centre four large columns support a pediment, wherein are carved the family arms. The wings and centre are a storey higher than the rest; the basement storey throughout is of the style known as Rustic, but the rest of this front tends to the Ionic. The house—which is set in masses of fine trees—is mainly from a century to a century and a half old; the former house (itself partly rebuilt by Inigo Jones) was for the most part pulled down, and the present—much grander, if hardly so picturesque—built in its place about 1745, and again altered in 1797. Henry Flitcroft, the architect of St. Giles-in-the-fields and St. Olave, Southwark, designed the new building.

This western side is the main front, and the door in its centre is, I believe, considered the chief entrance on occasions of the highest ceremony; but the great doorway is at the eastern end, whither a walk through the dark trees to our left will take us. The main roads of the park meet at the great gates; there is a little lodge, and a brief shrubbery brings you to the house. Before the gates, long avenues stretch across the park, some straight and stately, some winding pleasantly through groves of oak; trees are everywhere, and always well and picturesquely placed. Here, by the house, we are in their midst; the air is rich with lilac-scent, and alive with cuckoo-cries and caws of argumentative rooks in the dark firs, and songs of every bird (it would seem) that England possesses. And so to the wide portico that stands out in the great circle of courtyard at the eastern end of Woburn Great House.

There is a fascination about the mere space of a building like this. The very ground-plan is interesting, in its boldness and large simplicity: a block of house, almost square—its four sides over 200 ft. each—with an open quadrangle in the midst, and behind this a vast circle of courtyard, wherein stand at ease, in a wide space of grass, two quadrangles of stables, each with its inner court. The great courtyard is surrounded by a walled and covered walk, and backed by a long riding-house; and in its midst one tree, a huge cedar, commands the whole, standing dark against the buildings of grey stone, the pale-blue English sky, and the daisy-whitened grass.

With stables and riding-house we have not much to do; but at the back of one of the stable-courts is the sculpture-gallery, where stand the famous Woburn Marbles, of which more hereafter. In the house itself the state-rooms are in the west front, the furthest from the entrance portico; on the south side are family-rooms and the great libraries, and along the north are bed-rooms; while right and left of the entrance, in the eastern end, are studies and other offices. All round the inner quadrangle runs a corridor, the western end of which forms the chief picture-gallery.

But of picture-rooms and pictures there is no end. It is said, indeed, that Woburn has the finest collection of family portraits in England; and only to stroll through the chief rooms, and to name here and there a face that strikes one, will give some idea of the completeness of this gathering of famous Russells and their kin.

Passing along the corridor towards the state-rooms you see a portrait of the present Duke himself, by Richmond, a good likeness, although painted some time ago: Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, the daughter of Margaret Russell: the only son of Lord William Russell, as a boy—he was afterwards the second Duke of Bedford, and another picture shows him with his family, “three Dukes in one picture,” as your cicerone proudly points out. Of the state-rooms the first is called the Prince Consort’s Sitting-Room, the next his Dressing-Room; then come the Queen’s Bed-Room, Dressing-Room, and Sitting-Room. This suite of rooms was used, as the names indicate, during the Royal visit to Woburn, now many years ago. Apart from the pictures on their walls, the rooms themselves and their furniture are very beautiful. The ceilings are of white and gold, the mantelpieces of white marble, the draperies light and bright, after the fashion of Louis XV. There are magnificent cabinets, inlaid and carved; fine screens of tapestry; quaint figures of priceless biscuit china; and bright, comfortable furniture, clad in yellow silk in the first two rooms, in gold and pale blue in the others.

From the windows are pretty glimpses of the wood in which the house is set—a house of any reasonable bigness, indeed, would be buried in the huge old trees. Here is the oldest corner of the Abbey; it is even said, though doubtfully, that an oven belonging to the ancient building still exists somewhere in the cellars. Many bones were found in draining for the reservoir, and were buried anew near here, in the north garden, where is said to have been the ancient burial-ground. This is within the last few months, and a stone with an inscription has been placed to mark the spot.

In the Prince Consort’s Dressing-Room is the first portrait of Lord William Russell—a boy of seventeen, in armour, with long fair hair, a long nose, and something of a pudding-face. It is curious how, in the later portraits by Kneller and others, this same face gains in dignity and power. In the next room there is Hayter’s famous picture—universally known from the engravings—of Lord William’s trial, with the upturned face of Margaret, his wife.

And here, as it is the Queen’s Bedchamber, there is, as of right, a very stately bed; and the pale blue and gold of walls and furniture, though time and sunlight have made them paler yet, are very bright and handsome. Besides the Hayter, there are in this room and the next several very fine pictures: a landscape by Lynton, views in the park by Landseer and Lee—and a yet lovelier view in the park, not a copy, but Nature’s original, from windows overlooking the great fishpond and the green path stretching straight away beyond it, too wide almost for an avenue, though bounded on each side by trees.

In all these rooms a notable feature is the mantelpieces of white marble, with pictures let into the overmantel—in one a Poussin, in another the bright “Lord John” I have spoken of. In pictures of interest, the Queen’s Drawing-Room is specially rich—over the doorway is the gnarled and rugged face of an old Rabbi, painted with his fullest vigour by Rembrandt, and there is a collection of portraits of an interest quite

unique. This is a complete series of miniatures in enamel, by Bone, painted from the family portraits of the Russells: a sort of combination of the beauty of an ancient picture-gallery with the convenience of a modern photograph-album. In a few minutes one can trace through four centuries the features and characteristics of one of the greatest of English families.

In the centre of the west front is the great Saloon, a stately chamber 28 ft. in height, with a rich gilded ceiling, and some

a present from Louis Quinze himself. There is the delightful housekeeper’s room, with a great linen-room adjoining; and in the butler’s domain is countless store of plate, gold and silver and jewelled, much of it associated with old memories or past triumphs of the Russells, and nearly all bearing their arms or their tranquil motto, “Che sara sara.”

But, with a feeling that one has left half a house unexplored—for there are fifty rooms in the unvisited top storey, and the very staircases are lined with excellent pictures—we must go now along the curving covered walk to the famous Gallery which holds the Woburn Marbles.

This Sculpture Gallery is long, and cool in colour: white, with grey columns, and relieved only by the dark Venetian red of the walls—where they are not hidden by the ancient friezes hung upon them or the statues and vases ranged before. At each end is a little temple: the one built to contain the sweet and comely Graces of Canova, the other—the Temple of Liberty—being the shrine where all true Whigs may offer incense to the bust of Fox, surrounded by those of Earl Grey, Lord Holland, and other leaders of the great old party to which the Russells have always belonged.

As there is a vast folio to be seen at the British Museum which devotes itself entirely to the Elgin marbles, and yet describes only a part of them, it will be allowed that a complete description is hardly to be expected in a dozen lines. Here are bronzes from Pompeii, relics of Herculaneum, great Roman amphoræ, friezes from Syracuse, sarcophagi from Ephesus—of curious interest is the representation, on a sarcophagus, of the process of burial, the body being carefully weighed in a primitive scale. There is a sort of frieze, also, from Nineveh: beside whose antiquity stand out, as modern as ourselves, the characteristic busts of Romans powerful, stern, stupid, or sensual—Cato, Cicero, Vitellius, their faces as vivid and varied as portraits by Millais at this year’s Academy.

And from Hadrian’s Villa—whence come the splendid pillars and a lovely vase—there is a specimen of an ancient art which no workmen of to-day could imitate: a marvellous mosaic, of about the third century, which shows a tiger chasing a bull, in colours as vivid and precise as those of an oil-painting. Rubbed with a wet handkerchief, the eyes in this stone picture look out as brightly as those of a portrait painted yesterday.

Many of the beautiful statues are of the very best period of Greek art; and the famous Lanti Vase, a huge cratera, decorated with eight grotesque masks round the bowl, is carved with magnificent energy.

Outside the Sculpture Gallery there is a little pleasure-ground, bright with red flowers among which bronze statues stand daintily here and there; and the covered walk leads by festooned bowers to the private gardens, into which open the Duchess’s rooms on the south side of the Abbey. Here new fountains have just been set playing, on the side which looks down into the park. (It is curious how much “made” or raised ground there is at Woburn; all this part of the house is surrounded by it, and has, therefore, a storey less than the West Front, which it adjoins.)

Perhaps the finest view of the house is one to be had not far from here—standing beside that Hangman’s Oak, where, alas! nobody was hanged, and looking upon two sides of the building, the west and south. Just below is the great pond, and deer wander by in their hundreds—though there are fewer than of old, for the park used to be overstocked with them.

An exceedingly pretty peep, of wood and water and a corner of the great house, is that across a sheltered pond of lilies, where the great green “edible” frogs laugh shrilly, secure from the devouring French. Here is the charming little Chinese dairy, a quaint, octagonal summer-house, where the coloured light from the top falls upon beautiful Oriental china and mysterious inscriptions from the Flowery Land.

But the grounds of Woburn are full of pretty and of varied pictures. A park of 2400 acres has room for woodland as well as lawn, for depths of forest as for stately avenues. Here, from beside a group of trees, you overlook a long stretch of country, crossed here and there with lines of wood, to the low, distant hills; here, in acres of the park where corn was growing twenty years ago, is now a beautiful plain of grass bordered with great trees; here is the Park Farm, quite a town of model buildings, with the beautiful little Jersey cows, and the Duke’s Southdown flock; and here, beyond the fence which surrounds the deer-park, are the famous alleys and shrubberies of evergreens. Against the deep colour of the firs that top its little slopes and of pines and sombre cedars beneath, the purple and crimson of the rhododendrons shimmer in the glow of sunlight through the trees. At the end of an avenue of their gorgeous colours is a wider space of greensward, with dark trees sloping to the left and a mass of golden laburnum to the right, and here and there the gleaming jewel of a peacock’s tail, borne proudly on high, or sweeping the short grass. For just by here is a great colony of peacocks, displaying their brave colours in a lovely home among high trees and garden-alleys. Tall Norwegian firs shine with their round stems of silver and gold; and beside them is the picturesque home of the peacock-tender, a Canadian hut built of rough logs.

The pine-scent loads the air as we plunge into forest-walks, over soft grass, by the giant cedars—growing sometimes three or four from a single stem—past masses of wild-flower, perhaps the pretty Star of Bethlehem, twinkling beside the little lake, which is the chief of the waters of Woburn. Near the park gate we turn, and look once more across its shining surface to the west, taking as our last memory of Woburn Park this silent beauty of the place—the restful woods, the glowing sunset sky, the quiet depth of waters stilled at even.”

EDWARD ROSE.

The Merchant Taylors’ Company has contributed one hundred guineas, the Clothworkers’ Company £100, and the Salters’ Company twenty guineas to the Augmentation Fund of the Clergy Pensions Institution, Mowbray House.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, speaking at Leamington, said he had been reading lately a remarkable book on the American Commonwealth by Professor Bryce, member for Aberdeen. One chapter of that book was headed “Pleasantness of American Life.” The pleasantness of American life was promoted by the social, political, and economical circumstances which prevailed in America; but they could surely in an older and more complicated state of society which prevailed in this country imitate something of this. They could do something to promote community of interest between class and class, to lighten the burden of existence, and to make life more easy and pleasant in its public relations. If the people of Leamington would co-operate, as he had no doubt they would, with the municipal body, they might not possibly make that town what Dr. Richardson would have them make it, the City of Health; but at least they might make public life there more easy and pleasant. They must teach individuals that it ought to be their interest and pleasure to co-operate for the public advantage, and they would then do something to secure those pleasanter relations, and diffuse greater happiness among the larger portion of the community.



THE CHINESE BOAT-HOUSE.

sufficiently described by its more famous title, the Vandyke Room—with its magnificent portraits of Francis, the “Great Earl,” of Albertus Miraxus, librarian to Albert, Duke of Austria, and of other people great and small, thus made secure of immortality.

But the pictures in the adjoining Breakfast-Room are also magnificent, and then comes the priceless collection of twenty-four Canalettis—brought here in 1800, when Bedford House, in Bloomsbury-square, was pulled down—and then the libraries rival the Uffizi Gallery at Florence, with their portraits of great painters by themselves, and there are more corridors of pictures, and (as one must needs note when one is on the subject) the Picture Gallery itself, which should perhaps have some kind of mention.

Yet a line apiece must serve for the Ante-Library, Library, Wood Library—fine white rooms, stately with their red furniture, and hung, as I have said, with portraits of artists by themselves—Rembrandt, Murillo, Hogarth with his pipe—and a few good pictures of others, as Sir Joshua’s of the beautiful face of Garrick.

By the narrow corridor—with scarlet doors and curtains and carpet all reflected in the mirror at its end—we pass, between lines of portraits of historical men and women, to the Picture Gallery—a suite of long red rooms, divided by white pillars, and hung, in great part, with Knellers. Above Lord William Russell hangs the stick with which he walked to the scaffold; a portrait of his widow, at eighty-four, shows her still in deep mourning, her arm resting on a coffin.

In the middle of the west front, upon the ground floor, is the Hall, now used as a breakfast-room, and often as dining-room too; a spacious, handsome room, perfectly white, with pillars, and with hangings of tapestry which are drawn across both ends of the hall at night. Adjoining this is a large room used formerly as a theatre; but the drama is no longer cultivated at Woburn. In the Smoking-Room, hard by (the ball-room of old), are many trophies of the prowess of the sportsmen of the family—notably a kind of crocodile shot by Lord Herbrand Russell; while heaps of peacocks’ feathers show that the Russells, at least, defy augury.

Passing through the corridor, dazzlingly white in the sunshine, you see through the windows the inner quadrangle—exceedingly plain, its grey walls looking down upon a square of grass cut into four by flagged paths, and relieved only by a statue standing in the midst of each quarter.

So to the oldest part of the Abbey, “The Grotto”—or, shall I rather say, the grotto-esque chamber so named, dating, we are told, from the time of Inigo Jones, and opening into the pleasant North Garden. It is a little in what one may call the



THE SCULPTURE GALLERY.

Pope manner; but none the less quaint and characteristic for that. From it you enter the Confectioner’s office, where now great stores of delicacies come into being: formerly this, too, was one of the state-rooms—as its handsome white ceiling and overmantel may still testify—and it is said that King James once slept here.

It is characteristic of the place that, while neither the house nor the park has been added to of late years, all has been brought into the most perfect order, and is so kept. Park and gardens are tended with an exquisite care, and these vast kitchens and servants’ offices are magnificent in their scale, their cleanliness, and their order. I think good housekeepers when they die must go to Woburn.

There is the kitchen itself, with its huge array of burnished copper, its long shelves and racks of wood spotless as the driven snow. There is the white still-room, where is kept all the best of the china—valued (so I was told) at thirty thousand pounds, and including a beautiful service of Sévres,

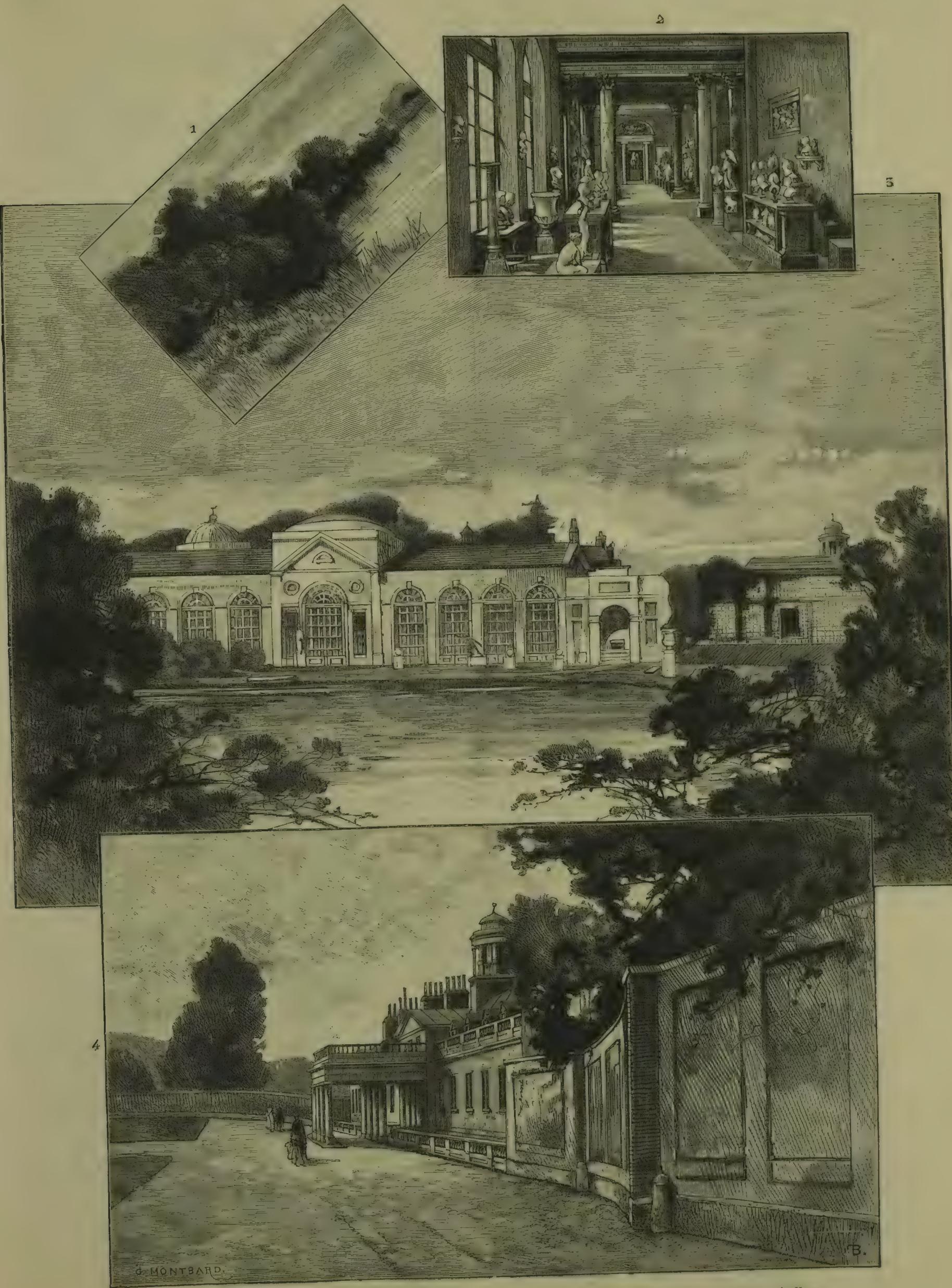


WOBURN ABBEY

THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.



## ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVII. WOBURN ABBEY.



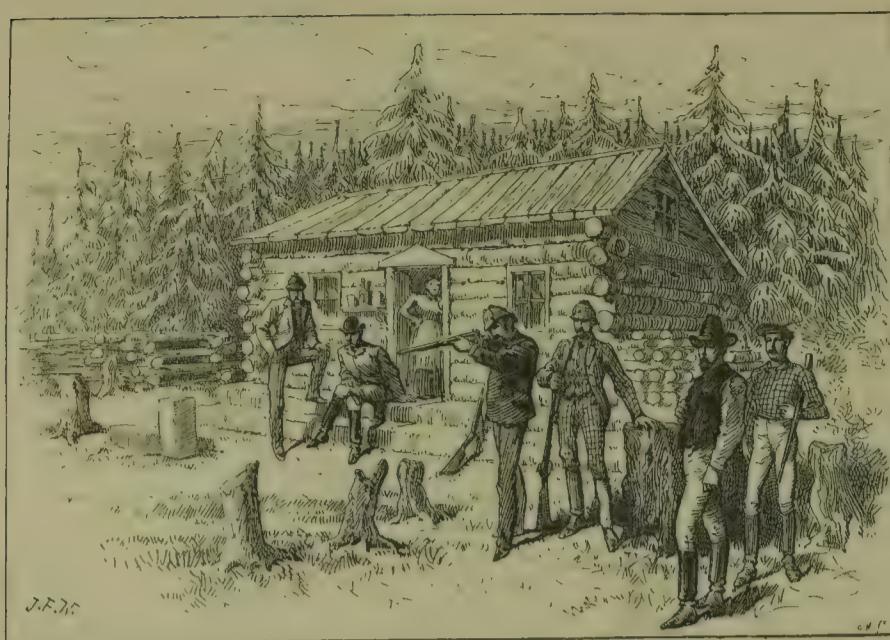
G. MONTBARD.

1. A Corner of the Lake.

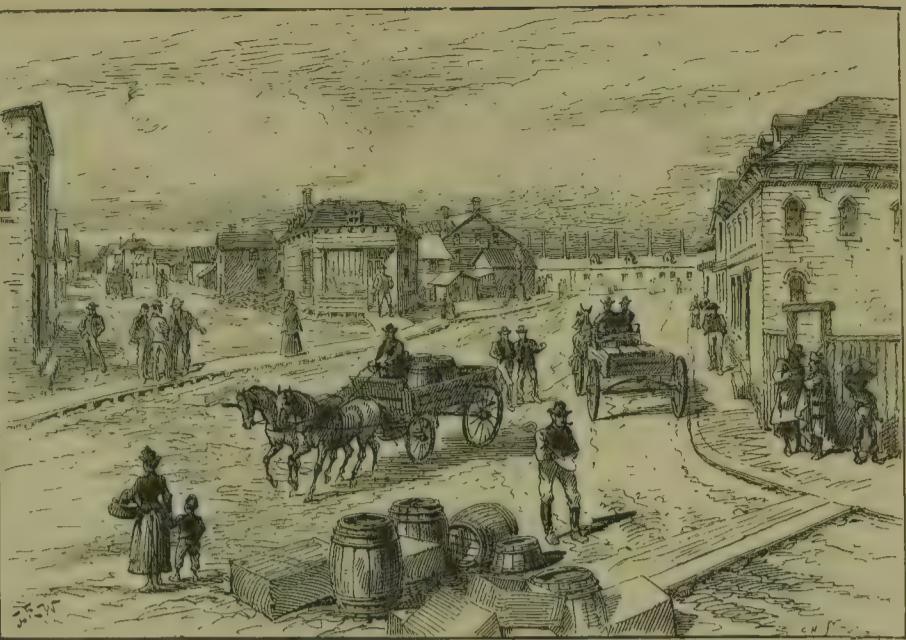
2. Interior of the Sculpture Gallery.

3. Exterior of the Sculpture Gallery.

4. Entrance to the House.



DICK JESSOP'S SPORTING LODGE—TROUT LAKE, NEAR SUDBURY, CANADA.



PRINCIPAL STREET IN SUDBURY, A CANADIAN TOWN FOUR YEARS OLD.

SKETCHES ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



OLD ARGYLE-CUT, SYDNEY.



WOODFORD HOUSE, IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, NEAR SYDNEY.



STEAM TRAM-CARS IN NORTH-STREET, SYDNEY.

SKETCHES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.—BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



EARL COMPTON,  
Central Finsbury.



MR. J. ROLLS HOARE,  
North Lambeth.



CAPTAIN PROBYN,  
Strand.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ROLTON,  
Clapham.



MR. A. ARTER,  
Hammersmith.



MR. C. C. CRAMP,  
Hammersmith.



MR. H. S. MARKS,  
East Marylebone.



MR. H. J. POWELL,  
Dulwich.



MR. W. P. BULLIVANT,  
Poplar.



MR. T. W. MAULE,  
Holborn.



MR. W. HUNTER,  
Bow and Bromley.



MR. R. A. GERMAINE,  
Fulham.



MR. J. A. RENTOUL,  
Woolwich.



MR. P. YOUNG,  
North Paddington.



MR. HORATIO MYER,  
Kennington.



MR. ALDERMAN HAGGIS,  
West Southwark.



MR. J. BECK,  
North Hackney.



MR. S. M. SAMUEL,  
Whitechapel.



SIR G. D. HARRIS,  
South Paddington.



MR. A. M. TORRANCE,  
East Islington.



MR. J. HUTTON,  
South St. Pancras.



MR. R. ANTRONBES,  
St. George's, Hanover-square.



MR. E. AUSTIN,  
Hoxton.



MR. W. SAUNDERS,  
Walworth.



MR. B. HOPKINS,  
West Newington.

## "ONCE UPON A TIME."

"Once upon a time!" There are few phrases, few collocations of words, which possess, I think, a deeper interest or a more prevailing charm; perhaps there are none which embody more of the true sentiment of romance and poetry. "Once upon a time"—in this apparently artless fashion begin the old, old stories of love and adventure, of chivalrous enterprise against the Paynim, of wicked enchanters and their spells, of benevolent fairies and their ways with happy lovers. I have said "apparently artless"; for this artlessness is but the cover of a profound subtlety and far-seeing ingenuity. By the use of these "seeming simple" words, "Once upon a time," the narrator slips aside from all perplexing questions, archaeological, chronological, historical, historico-social, and throws the entire burden upon the reader's imagination. For my part, I like it so. Who, when held breathless by the troubles of a Sir Lancelot or the wanderings of a Sir Galahad, cares that his attention should be disturbed by Dryasdust speculations on the "costume of the period" or the "manners of the age"? We don't want to be confined to any given age or period: Sir Lancelot belongs to all periods, Sir Galahad to all ages. I have always regarded with distaste the pertinacious attempts of managers and actors to confine the Shakspearian plays within certain spaces of history; limiting "Cymbeline" to this or that century, and dressing "Hamlet" in the Scandinavian garb of this or that era. The truth is, the Shakspearian poetical drama belongs to the undefined and undefinable "Once upon a time." Love, devotion, heroism, revenge, ambition, jealousy, sorrow, and suffering—these know no restriction of days, months, or years. Cordelia is still spurned by angry fathers; the speculations which troubled Hamlet trouble us; the passion which tore the heart of Othello tears many a bleeding heart to-day; to diseased minds still come the fell suggestions which, for Macbeth, took the form and figure of the weird sisters on the blasted heath. We will not be wearied, therefore, with chronological tables; enough for us the spacious chronology of the poet—"Once upon a time." It was *his* time and shall be *our* time, and the time of our sons and sons' sons—"Once upon a time."

Certain words and phrases, like certain looks and tones, have a wonderful pregnancy of meaning, an extraordinary fertility of association. Certain words and phrases, like certain looks and tones, unlock the treasure-caves of the past, as do the magician's secret arts; like Prospero's wand, they compel the spirits of the earth and air. So is it with the phrase "Once upon a time." As I repeat it to myself, the room in which I write—like that in which the old necromancer "wove his spells"—fills with a hundred strange creations, and its windows open out upon a succession of vivid landscapes. I feel like the wanderer in a picture gallery, who, as he moves from point to point, sees constantly rising before him some new face, some fresh scene, invested in the rarest colours. Afreet, and gnome, and demon; khalif, vizier, and kadi; calenderers and travelling merchants; Aladdin and his wonderful lamp; Ali Baba and the maid Morgiana; the roc's egg; Sindbad with the Old Man of the Sea astride upon his shoulders; the Sleeping Beauty on her silken couch; genii imprisoned in crystal vases; magic carpets whirling through the air like meteors; enchanted rings which you have but to rub and straightway the spirits of the unseen world await your bidding; the hippocriff of Italian fable; fairy barks which glide on shining rivers; laidly monsters lurking in sunless caves; knights armed cap-a-pie rescuing beautiful virgins from "chimæras dire," witch, hag, and unclean imp—all these and more, and many more, start into sudden existence at the utterance of the charm, "Once upon a time"! Cedar stairs of marble-built palaces; waters of haunted lakes gay with shallows of fantastic trim; bloom of terraced gardens which bask in Eastern sunshine; grim gray towers in which Enchantment holds its victims bound through the long loveless years; serene heights, steeped in eternal summer, which enclose the marvels of the earthly paradise; glittering bower of false Acrasias and Armidas; fountains sparkling in the shade of palm-trees; Arcadian landscapes, where shepherd and shepherdess join in mazy dances as though they would never grow old; woodland glades which ring with the music of fairy horns, where the violet and the primrose are as deathless as the songs which celebrate them; happy valleys of Avilion, where neither rain, nor frost, nor snow breaks in upon the age-long summer day; coral homes of Sirens of old romance—all these, and more, and many more, pass swiftly before the inner vision as the charm is spoken—"Once upon a time"! Ah, glorious, beautiful, wonderful age—which had no beginning and shall have no end, so long as imagination and memory are given to mortal man—which knows no limit of the years, and defies the calculations of the antiquary or the chronologist—which is of all countries and all peoples—which includes the summers of the South and the winters of the North—which belonged to Greek poet and Norse skald, to the Oriental talesteller and the mediæval minstrel, to Ariosto and Boccaccio and Shakspeare—glorious, beautiful, wonderful "Once upon a time"! I suppose that once, at least, in the life of each of us comes a kind of dream-interval or enchanted holiday, when the sky wears a softer blue, and the birds sing a sweeter song, and all Nature seems to be in sympathy with our happiness, and we pass the hours in a glamour of hope and expectation—though not without restless and uneasy moments, and sudden fears and jealousies—when one name is ever on our lips or in our heart, and one fair form mingles in all our visions of the future. I suppose that once, at least, in the life of each of us we learn to live wholly for another, heedful only of her smile, her words, her ways, anxious only to anticipate her wishes and share her thoughts; "when the moonlight is a pleasing fever, and the stars are letters, and the flowers ciphers, and the air is coined into song; when all business seems an impertinence, and all the men and women running to and fro in the streets are pictures; when we become all eyes when one is present, all memory when one is gone"; when a ribbon, a flower, a scrap of paper quickens every pulse and flushes us with pleasure of certainty or pain of doubt. Of that brief, bright season of extravagance it is difficult to write other than extravagantly. In later years, when we know more of the harsh realities of life, and the shadows lengthen as the sun goes down, how we look back—with half a smile, with half a tear—to the sweetness and the splendour of "Once upon a time"!

Ah! we all of us, I think, have our happy periods of escape from the everyday world into the wonders of fairyland! The poet, when he first becomes conscious of the power that is within him; the artist, when he first succeeds in putting his ideal upon the canvas, or embodying it in the marble; the orator, when he first commands the passions of the multitude and sways them as he will by the force of his eloquence; the statesman, when he first sees the way to carry out his conceptions of high policy; the priest, when he first knows the pleasure of turning some poor sinner from the error of his ways—for each this primary moment of successful achievement is the "Once upon a time" which gladdens him in after-life with its recollections. "Once upon a time I did this"—"Once upon a time I felt this"—"Once upon a time I thought this"—it is thus we reckon the intervals which we have passed in the ideal

spheres of life. Most fortunate are they with whom such intervals are most frequent! Happiest they who have oftenest recognised the loftier purposes and graver aims of life! So that those who follow, remembering the good works done and the true words said, may pluck a handful of flowers from the wayside, and, laying them on the mounded graves, may exclaim:—"He—and he—and he—were faithful in their service to God and humanity—once upon a time"! W. H. D.-A.

## ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery (160, New Bond-street) is to be seen a pleasant collection of water-colour sketches, by Mr. E. M. Wimperis, recalling many pretty spots of Sussex scenery. The drawings are, for the most part, characterised rather by dash and freshness than by any subtleness of treatment. Mr. Wimperis has a bright, healthy love of Nature, and expresses his feelings somewhat bluntly, but always truthfully. The largest, and in some ways the most successful work of the collection is a "View from the Downs" (11) over the Sussex Weald, where the soft haze of the English landscape is pleasantly rendered, whilst the grey, showery sky recalls somewhat too forcibly the caprices of our climate. In a little sketch, "Going to the Hay-Field" (21), which is far less ambitious in its aim, we get a specimen of Mr. Wimperis' more minute work, and the result makes us think that he will have greater success in a more individual line than in such a challenge comparison with the works of Mr. Hine or Mr. Clarence Waite. Another little sketch, "Hay-Carts" (31), with its patchy sky, shows the limits of Mr. Wimperis' power of dealing with fleecy clouds; but in the river scene, "Weeds and Willows" (37), with its stretching view towards Arundel, and in the "Amberley Meadows" (48), we find him at his best. "The Ridge of a Noble Down" (50) is marred in its general effect by the coarseness of the foreground; but it contains so much excellent work, and breathes so truly the spirit of the scene that we are forced to recognise it as one of the artist's most successful works.

*Shakspeare's Heroines* (Sampson Low and Co.)—On the occasion of the public exhibition of the original pictures, we expressed our views on their relative merits. They have been carefully reproduced in Gouplgravure, and published in a handsome volume, with illustrative notes. Apart from the artistic merits of these studies, they convey many useful suggestions of the attitude of contemporary art to standard literature. This is not the first time that "Shakspeare's Heroines" have furnished a picture gallery, and it is interesting to see the change which has taken place in the artist's standpoint since Mr. Heath's collection was published. Of the present series, which is reproduced in a most sumptuous and careful way, we still think Mr. Phil Morris's "Audrey" (the country wench with touzled hair), Mr. Alma Tadema's eager-faced "Portia" (the wife of Brutus), and Mr. Henry Wood's "Portia of Venice," amongst the most successful. Unless we are to have some fresh interpretation of character on the stage we should be disposed to regard Mr. Waterhouse's "Cleopatra" as inadequate to the rôle she plays, and Sir Frederick Leighton's "Desdemona," beautiful though she is, conceived in too conventional a mood to suggest her having had the courage to brave public opinion and "marry with Othello." Mr. Perugini has been happy in the selection of "Silvia," whom he renders "holy, pure and fair" in the most refined sense; but Mr. Yeames' "Cordelia" attempts too much. The letterpress by Mr. W. E. Henley painfully suggests comparison with Charles Lamb's tales from Shakspeare, and not to the advantage of the modern expositor. The volume, nevertheless, is one of great value and merit, and is destined, we believe, to have more than an ephemeral success.

## ART MAGAZINES.

The coloured frontispiece, a chromo-lithograph of a water-colour drawing by Ludwig Passini, marks a new departure in the February number of the *Art Journal*. Passini, a Viennese by birth and education, stands at the head of that school of painters which has familiarised us with all that is picturesque in Venetian popular life. The reproduction of Signor Passini's water-colour is the work of the Royal Female School of Art, which has recently added to the school buildings a studio for chromo-lithography, in which many former students of the school are now earning a livelihood. Lady Colin Campbell contributes a paper on the collection of pictures by the late Frank Holl, R.A., in the Exhibition of Old Masters at Burlington House, illustrated with engravings of several of his figure subjects, and one portrait, that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The series of Royal palaces is continued this month with an account by Mr. W. J. Loftie of Windsor Castle; and Miss Fenella Armstrong's picturesque description of Berkeley Castle, in Wales, is profusely and charmingly illustrated.

The current number of the *Magazine of Art* opens with a paper by Mr. Augustus Harris on "Art in the Theatre"; of course spectacle is the subject particularly treated of by such an authority. Miss Mabel Robinson contributes an article on "The Begging Friars of Italy," once the greatest patrons of art and letters; and J. Romilly Allen one on "Early Irish Art." Mr. William M. Rossetti concludes his account of the portraits of his brother: the two examples reproduced this month are a sketch of the poet-painter by himself, at the age of forty-two, and a pencil portrait, done after death, by Rossetti's intimate friend, Mr. Frederick J. Shields.

The *Scottish Art Review* publishes with this month's issue a phototype of a fine picture in the possession of the Corporation of Glasgow, by Mabuse. Among various interesting articles we may mention that on "The Performance of 'Macbeth' at the Lyceum Theatre," by Mr. William Archer, with its clever illustrations by Mr. W. B. Murdoch; Mr. Ernest Rhys' paper on "Poe's Tales," and Mr. Edward Carpenter's monograph on the late Laurence Oliphant.

We have received from Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Co., of Glasgow, the first number of a new art periodical, entitled *Art and Literature*. Some part of it is devoted to the inaugural address at the National Art Congress by Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., and the frontispiece is a reproduction of a fine photograph by Waléry of that accomplished artist. A mezzograph after George Tinworth's "Barabbas" panel in terracotta, and another after Rembrandt's "Night Watch," complete the list of full-page illustrations. Mr. Robert Walker contributes a short but interesting sketch of the life of Edouard Détaille, the clever French battle-painter.

The February number of *Our Celebrities* contains the photographs, by Mr. Waléry, of the Marquis of Abergavenny, Mrs. E. Garrett Anderson, and Mr. Augustus Harris; with a monograph on each by Mr. Louis Engel.

The Board of Trade returns for January show that the imports for that month amounted to £38,025,774, being an increase of £3,222,786 as compared with the same month last year. The exports for the month amounted to £20,479,341, being an increase of £1,895,670, as compared with the same month last year.

## TROUT LAKE AND SUDBURY, UPPER CANADA.

Among the Sketches on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway made last year by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, were those illustrating the scenery in the region of Lake Nipissing, in the northern part of the Province of Ontario, which is traversed by the first section of the railway westward from Ottawa. This district is one of the finest resorts for sportsmen, as it contains moose, red-deer, black bears, and partridges. Anglers come from all parts of Canada and the United States, and some from England, to fish in Trout Lake, four or five miles from the town and railway-station of North Bay, on the shores of Lake Nipissing. Here they catch salmon trout, weighing from 10 lb. to 30 lb. and the favourite speckled trout. Their head-quarters, in June, are at Dick Jessop's house, or the house owned by the two brothers Jessop, who keep boats, guides, dogs, rods, and fishing-tackle, tents, cooking utensils, and all needful apparatus for either shooting or fishing. A party of five or six, bringing their own provisions, can hire all that they want for about four dollars a day. The row on the lake to Four-Mile Bay is very pleasant.

Sudbury Junction, for the branch line of railway to the Denison Gold-Mines, and to Algoma, Lake Huron, and to the Sault Ste. Marie, the rapids by which Lake Superior discharges its waters into Lake Huron, has already been described. Our Artist made a Sketch of the town of Sudbury, which was scarcely four years old at the time of his visit, but which is growing up quickly, and is likely to become a place of considerable traffic. The main Canadian Pacific line proceeds thence westward to skirt the north shore of Lake Superior, and passes on to the western shore of the great lake, which it leaves near Port Arthur to plunge into the region of rocks and forests, intersected by many small rivers and lakes, between Lake Superior and Manitoba.

## SKETCHES IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

Our Special Artist last year in Australia, Mr. Melton Prior, after his sojourn at Melbourne and his excursions to Ballarat, Geelong, and other places in the Colony of Victoria, which have been described, travelled by railway to Sydney, the capital of New South Wales. This Colony, the oldest portion of the British Australian Dominion, from which Victoria was detached in 1851, and Queensland in 1859, is nearly three times the size of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It occupies the eastern seacoast of Australia from about the twenty-eighth almost to the thirty-eighth degree of south latitude, and extends inland to the 141st degree of east longitude, having an average length and breadth of five hundred miles. Its eastern part is intersected by two main ranges of mountains, from north to south—namely, the Coast Ranges, the highest peak of which, Mount Seaview, rises to 6000 ft.; and the Great Dividing Range, including the Blue Mountains not far from Sydney, from which the rivers Hawkesbury, Hunter, Shoalhaven, Clarence, and others run to the coast, but are only partially navigable and difficult of entrance from the sea; there is also an interior range, west of the Darling River. This river, with its tributaries the Barwon and the Bogan, descends from the northern table-land in a south-westerly direction to the great River Murray, into which the Lachlan and the Murrumbidgee also discharge their waters, traversing the pastoral district called Riverina. The Liverpool Plains, to the north, afford some pasture, while the Monaro or Maneroo Plains, adjacent to the Murrumbidgee, are fertile and well watered; but the best soil for cultivation is that of the coast lands. On the whole, New South Wales is by nature less favourable to agriculture than to wool-growing; but it has great mineral wealth, gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, and abundance of good coal, which last-mentioned commodity is lacking in Victoria; the collieries of Newcastle and Wallsend, seventy or eighty miles north of Sydney, are of considerable importance. The population of New South Wales now rather exceeds one million persons, half of whom were born in Australia, and most of the remainder have emigrated from our own country. There are about 1600 of the aboriginal race. The productive industry and trade of this colony show a steady increase; it has a well-designed railway system, reaching, to the west, north, and south, the farthest towns of the interior, and paying a net profit of three per cent on the cost of its construction. The port of Sydney owns a large amount of steam and other shipping, and commands much traffic in the West Pacific Ocean.

The city of Sydney, which has, with its suburbs, a population exceeding a quarter of a million, has arisen, in a hundred years, from the penal convict settlement founded in 1788 by the British Government, the first European settlement in Australia. Botany Bay, a neighbouring inlet of the sea, was proposed but never occupied for that purpose, which was carried out by Captain Phillip on the shore of Port Jackson, one of the finest harbours in the world. It is perfectly land-locked, with an entrance one mile wide between high cliffs, and expands into what in Scotland would be called a "loch," eight or nine miles long to the head, where it receives the small river Parramatta. The shores are gently hilly and beautifully verdant, and are broken into numerous bays and coves, one of which, Sydney Cove, on the south side, with the adjacent inlets, forms the commercial port. The older part of the city is not so commodiously or handsomely planned as the cities of Melbourne and Adelaide, but street improvements are in progress. George-street, Pitt-street, Market-street, King-street, and Hunter-street, are the main business thoroughfares.

We shall have future occasion to describe some of the features of the city, which possesses stately public buildings; the Post Office, the Townhall, the Government Offices, the University, St. Andrew's Cathedral, and St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) Cathedral, being edifices of imposing and elegant architecture. Government House, the residence of Lord Carrington, her Majesty's representative, is a mansion of the Tudor style, surrounded by the Domain and Botanical Garden, on the height overlooking Farm Cove or Man-of-war Bay, and commanding a view of Port Jackson Harbour down to its entrance from the sea. The southern and western suburbs of Sydney, accessible by many lines of railway and tramway, extend far into the neighbouring country; to the south-east are Moore Park, the National Park of 768 acres, the Race-course, the Cricket-ground, and the grounds of the Agricultural Society.

The Sketches presented this week include those of a scene in North-street, Sydney, with the steam tram-cars frightening the horses; and an old-fashioned bit of the town called "Argyle Cut," which is more like what one might see in a provincial city of England or Scotland. Our Special Artist enjoyed a trip by railway to the Blue Mountains, which are constantly visited for the sake of their wild and romantic scenery, and made a Sketch of Woodford House, one of the places of fashionable resort, well known to many who seek recreation from the cares of business and from city life in the capital of New South Wales.



PICKINGS FROM THE POTTERIES.  
SALT-GLAZE WARE.

When we consider how great has been the influence of foreign tradition upon English artists of every kind, and reflect upon the undue prominence given both to the conceptions and productions of foreign schools—which has, undoubtedly, deprived English art of much original individuality—it is gratifying to find any production so entirely English, and so completely original, as the salt-glaze ware manufactured in Staffordshire between 1680 and 1780.

The employment of common salt in the glazing of earthenware cannot be said to have been discovered by Englishmen, or first adopted in England. Certainly as early as the sixteenth century, and probably earlier, this method of glazing earthenware was adopted by the Germans. The porous nature of the clay from which their stoneware beer-jugs and drinking-cups were made, rendered a strong glaze necessary, for many of the "dip" glazes are affected by the action of water, especially in cold weather. Some of the finest pieces of earthenware now existing, profusely decorated with elaborate and exquisite designs, were glazed in this manner. The commoner sort of jugs, known as Greybeards or Bellarmines, soon began to find their way in great quantities into England. In excavating old building sites, for the purpose of laying down new foundations, it is no unusual thing to find some of these old jugs. They have a narrow neck, on which is cut, or impressed, the rude figure of a man's face, with a long flowing beard. These jugs bulge out towards the centre, and taper down again towards the foot. They are covered with a rich brown glaze, which in many cases has run, or been worn by the action of time, into a beautiful mottled or marbled colour, which gives them a striking and handsome appearance. The face was supposed to bear a rude resemblance to Cardinal Bellarmine, a most unpopular character at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He had rendered himself obnoxious by his opposition to the progress of the Reformed Religion in the Low Countries. A small quantity of earthenware resembling in colour and texture these quaint greybeards was made by John Dwight at Fulham at the end of the seventeenth century; but, as a general rule, this class of ware is of foreign manufacture. Original authenticated English stoneware is very rare, and held in high esteem. The story of the introduction of salt-glazing into England is unsatisfactory. It is said that the servant of a man named Yates, who resided at Bagnall, in Staffordshire, had placed an earthenware pot, containing brine for pickling, upon the fire. Having other matters to attend to, the girl allowed the pot to boil over, so that the liquid ran down the sides of the vessel. The latter became red hot, and when cool was found to be covered with a bright glaze. Palmer, a neighbouring potter, is said to have availed himself of the discovery, by making use of common salt as a means of glazing his ware. But, like so many other stories which we hear, it will not bear analysis. Salt-glaze, unlike all other glazes, is not a separate composition, applied externally to the ware, and into which it is dipped before firing. It is obtained by chemical process in a closed oven under a great heat. The ware was first fired in the oven, around which a scaffold was erected, on which the men stood who shovelled in the salt. Dense vapours, which consisted of the hydrochloric acid, escaping from the salt, rose in volumes from the kiln, and hung around in a thick white cloud, often so thick that persons ran against one another in the street. Meantime, the soda in the salt attacked the silica of the clay, and formed with it a silicate

of soda, or, in simpler words, the salt-glaze. Now, the heat of an open fire is obviously insufficient, if all other conditions were favourable, to form a glaze of this character, and the story may be considered as an interesting myth. There is little doubt that the two Dutchmen, John Philip and David Elers, introduced the art of salt-glazing into England, and carried it to the highest perfection it attained, although it is with another class of ware that their names are more closely associated. Salt-glaze ware is exceedingly hard in texture, being very little removed from porcelain in its nature; it is generally of a dull cream-white colour, though some of the earlier pieces, and those more especially attributed to the Elers, were grey or drab in hue, and covered with little arabesque ornaments in white.

Salt-glaze ware has been described by a writer who knows it and loves it, as "a white earthen vessel daintily formed, delicately embossed with graceful arabesques or flowers, and which shows under a pellucid glaze, brightening, but not hiding, the sharpness of the most minute details, a semi-transparency in the thinnest parts of the substance." The popularity of the new ware was undoubtedly due to the habit of assembling round the kiln when it was opened; the pieces were purchased as soon as they were brought out. The effect of this popularity was to turn a small trade into an industry, and promoted the circulation of the ware beyond the radius of the Potteries. The process of making the ware was an elaborate one, and our admiration for it increases when we remember the amount of labour which was bestowed upon each individual piece, or at least upon each individual design, for the majority of the pieces were made from moulds. These require some explanation. First of all a mould was cut in "intaglio," in some soft material, like clay or gypsum. This mould was made in two, three, four, or more pieces, according to the shape of the article it was intended to produce. When the design was completely graved or cut out, the mould was fitted together. The clay was then pressed into it, so that the pattern, which in the mould was "intaglio," came out in relief on the clay. This latter was fired roughly, and then the converse process was commenced. By means of this new piece a new mould called the "pitcher" mould was made in brass, lead, or terra-cotta. This was slightly smaller in size than mould No. I., but identical in shape. Into mould No. II. the clay, in a liquid or "slip" state, was poured; this was presently drained off, leaving a thin coating adhering to the side of the "pitcher" mould. When this was dry more liquid clay was poured in, and drained off in a similar way, until the necessary thickness was attained. The piece was then taken from the "pitcher" mould, which was effected by slightly heating it; the spouts, handles, and feet were added, and it was fired, glazed with salt, and ready for use. As the demand for the ware increased, the manufacturers abandoned the casting process, which produced such sharp and decisive results, and merely pressed the clay into plaster moulds. The pieces lost their beautiful crispness, and the popularity of the ware declined. The best ware was turned out between 1720 and 1740; but the manufacture lingered on into this century. The care bestowed upon its manufacture made it more expensive than the ordinary earthenware made at that time, and for a long time it remained essentially a luxury for the more fastidious and wealthy. As dinner or breakfast ware it never acquired a popularity approaching that of the cream ware of Wedgwood or Leeds. It is not a pleasant sensation eating off a salt-glaze plate, the knife and fork grate somewhat unpleasantly over its surface; it is not, therefore, surprising

that it was unable to compete with the exquisitely-potted and smoothly-glazed cream ware. It was always an ornamental rather than a useful ware.

It is difficult to imagine that the delicate little teapots and cream-jugs, so fantastic in shape and so fragile in appearance, were ever intended for use. They must rather have been designed for presents from a lover to his mistress, or for little mementoes to celebrate important events in the simple lives which men and women lived in those days. A teapot formed in the shape of a heart would make a pretty valentine, and would be fraught with more meaning than the flimsy abominations which, in our own time, have desecrated the memory of an otherwise harmless saint. Another teapot, in the shape of a house, would have great significance as a wedding-present to a young couple about to set up housekeeping together. A little cup and saucer embossed with the arms of some neighbouring squire, or peer, would be a graceful and fitting form of soliciting patronage, without which, in those days, no art could flourish. The presentation, too, of any of those numerous pieces made in the form of animals may, for all we know, have enshrined many a harmless joke or pun upon the name of the donee. For these teapots were of every conceivable shape, and bore every conceivable design. The "peacock," or shell, was the commonest device, the melody, as it were, running through the piece, in spite of its innumerable variations, bringing in flowers and leaves and acorns, human figures, squirrels, snails, and every kind of lovely, quaint, or fantastic design to which a wayward imagination could give birth. Teapots in the shape of a house of the period, or camel or squirrel, or bear, are not unusual; while lobed, diamond-shaped, heart-shaped, pentagonal and hexagonal teapots are found in every collection.

When the patrons of the ware desired a novelty, the enamellers and gilders were called in, and the pieces were decorated with the brightest and richest colours, which brought them at once into direct and favourable comparison with the Oriental ware so much prized and sought after at that time. Space does not allow an adequate treatment of a subject which calls forth something more, something higher, than the mere admiration of an enthusiastic hobbyist. Salt-glaze ware is essentially an English production, full of beauty, full of originality. Nothing resembling it had ever been produced on the Continent, nothing like it has been produced since, here or elsewhere.

A collector of the productions of another age does not, if he is true to himself, accumulate with the mere love of accretion. He lives, to a certain extent, in the age which produced the objects he collects. He endeavours to recall before his vision the men and women who day by day used in their ordinary life the articles he now treasures in his cabinet, and to analyse the reasons why such things were, and why they are no longer, and certainly amongst these naive and fragile mementoes of the past there is food for much interest and quiet reflection.

T. T. G.

At a special meeting of the Holbeach (Lincolnshire) Rural Sanitary Authority on Feb. 7, arrangements were made for supplying the labourers in the Whaplode district with allotments under the Act, a piece of pasture land measuring over thirteen acres having been purchased by the Authority for the purpose at a cost of £900. Soon after the passing of the Act, over a thousand applications for allotments were received from labourers in the South of Lincolnshire, but this is the first instance in which the Act has been put into operation. In many parishes the demand has been met by arrangement.

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## DEACON, THE FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN PARROT.

From the "Liverpool Mercury."

One of the late Cunard steamers which arrived in Liverpool brought a great living curiosity. It is an odd-looking parrot, whose conversation made the cabin lively during the voyage, and whose wisdom filled the forecastle with awe. Externally he is unimpressive; instead of the usual green and yellow plumage of parrots he has a grey suit that is not at all handsome. His form is rather striking, however, as he is as big as an owl, and his head is remarkably wide and flattened, making him look like a profound scholar. Among the party of gentlemen who greeted the parrot's owner on his arrival was a member of a well-known wholesale drug house of Liverpool, who sympathetically inquired of the parrot, "What do you want, Polly?" The parrot startled him by the reply, delivered in a gruff tone, and with slow emphasis, quite unlike the rapid, rasping ejaculations of most talking parrots, "I—want—to—go—home." "Home" is now some 14,000 miles away, for the parrot was brought from Australia. He was bought when young from a Sydney birdfancier by Mr. Alfred Hay, one of the great sheep-breeders of New South Wales. Mr. Hay's estate, known as Boomanoomana, is on the Murray River. It contains about 300,000 acres, and pastures a quarter of a million sheep. It is remote from any town. The piano in Mr. Hay's house had to be hauled by wagon about one hundred miles from the railway station. In a family so isolated from society, and so dependent on its own resources for entertainment, the odd-looking grey parrot had a good school. He soon developed an astounding aptitude for speech, and the whole family took a lively interest in his education. Talking parrots are generally swearing parrots. Mr. Hay gave strict orders that the parrot should not be allowed to use oaths. If the parrot picked up a naughty word from the servant he was promptly cuffed, and so decorous became his speech that he was called the "Deacon." Eventually the servants were afraid to swear or do anything wrong in his presence, as the Deacon would be apt to solemnly report the fact to the family. The present owner of Deacon made the parrot's acquaintance last autumn, which in Australia corresponds with the spring in England, and is the sheep-shearing season. That is a time of great bustle and activity on a sheep range. An army of labourers are collected into a camp, for the gathering of the sheep into paddocks, handling and packing the fleece, and hauling to market, takes many hands. At Boomanoomana two hundred men were kept busily engaged at shearing sheep alone. Sheep-shearing in Australia is a factory process instead of an individual manipulation. Helpers keep a continuous procession of sheep moving from a paddock to the shearers. About three sweeps of the long shears will cut off the fleece on one side. The struggling animal is flopped over. Snip, snip, snip. The fleece on the other side is off; the shorn sheep is released and wildly plunges down the fenced passage leading to another paddock. It was during such a scene as this that Deacon's present owner first saw the grey parrot. Deacon always

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enjoyed excitement, and someone of Mr. Hay's family had hung its cage where it could see the shearers at work. Deacon was in a great flutter, and he had much to say. If he heard an oath, "Hush, you wicked beggar!" he would scream at the offender. The thing that most interested him was the occasional snipping of the sheep's hide. In such rapid work the shears would not unfrequently slice off a piece of skin and

wish and whim is anticipated by willing attendants, and while Deacon doubtless thinks with Mr. Gilbert's obliging policeman, that the life of a parrot "is not always a happy one," his present existence comes about as near to that blissful reality as a parrot can ever be expected to reach, and he no doubt thinks that his present happy life will, like Tennyson's brook, "run on for ever."

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draw blood. The practice was to give the sore place a rub with St. Jacobs Oil, which is in high favour in the Colony. Deacon heard so much about St. Jacobs Oil that he got his phrases about it very pat. If a sheep had a sore or was nicked by shears, he would shake his feathers, jump from perch to perch excitedly, and shout, "St. Jacobs Oil," "Use St. Jacobs Oil," "Rub on the Oil," "St. Jacobs Oil conquers pain." The gentleman visiting the range was on a hunting trip into the interior of the country, when he called on Mr. Hay. He naturally took a great fancy to Deacon, and finally Mr. Hay presented the bird to him. At Sydney, Deacon's linguistic powers attracted great attention, and the editor of the *Sydney Daily News* wrote an article describing the parrot's great intelligence. Deacon's owner left Australia last autumn, taking the Pacific mail steamer to San Francisco. While in that city Deacon was the subject of many notices in the newspapers. His owner lived at the Palace Hotel, an enormous structure, whose extensive interior courtyard is laid off in lawns and gardens.

Deacon soon after his arrival was hung out on a piazza overlooking the courtyard. As a coloured servant was rushing by he shouted, "I say, you beggar, where's the sheep?" The tone was so gruff and peremptory, and the voice so unaccountable to the startled darkey, who hadn't noticed the parrot, that, in his fright, he dropped the tray and smashed the chinaware. "Rub it with St. Jacobs Oil," blandly remarked the parrot. Deacon went with his owner across the American Continent, and recently crossed the Atlantic to this country, so that he has pretty nearly circumnavigated the globe. He was christened the Doctor by the sailors during the voyage to England, from his habit of recommending his favourite remedy. If he saw anyone get a knock or bruise, or limp as if from pain, "Rub it with St. Jacobs Oil" would be his solemn advice. It may be well to state here that the gentleman above referred to as the owner of Deacon is connected with the Charles A. Vogeler Company, 45, Farringdon-road, London, who are the proprietors of that great remedy St. Jacobs Oil, in which the parrot takes such a lively interest. As our readers will doubtless readily assume, Deacon's future is provided for; he occupies palatial quarters in the office of the Company. His fame for saying quaint things (when he feels like it) has gone abroad and he has many visitors, some of whom he treats in the most civil and dignified manner, while others, we regret to announce, he treats most uncivil. For instance, he will scream out to the carriers who bring orders to the office in muddy weather, "Wipe your feet, you lubber!" "Can't you see the rug?" but on the whole, however, Deacon is a model bird. His every

wish and whim is anticipated by willing attendants, and while Deacon doubtless thinks with Mr. Gilbert's obliging policeman, that the life of a parrot "is not always a happy one," his present existence comes about as near to that blissful reality as a parrot can ever be expected to reach, and he no doubt thinks that his present happy life will, like Tennyson's brook, "run on for ever."

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## MUSIC.

Another important addition to musical activity was made on Feb. 9, when (as previously announced by us) the Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace were resumed, this having been the eleventh performance of the thirty-third series. The programme opened with the overture to M. Lalo's new French opera, "Le Roi d'Ys." The prelude contains some effective orchestral writing; but as it apparently has a special association in some of its leading themes with the dramatic interest of the work to which it belongs, the merits of the overture cannot be fairly judged from its dissociated performance. A specialty at the concert now referred to was the fine performance of Beethoven's third pianoforte concerto by Otto Hegner, the wondrous boy pianist, whose powers of execution and musical intelligence are far in advance of his years, and are, indeed, worthy of an artist of mature age and long-established eminence. The juvenile performer was also heard in unaccompanied solo pieces. Miss E. Spada contributed vocal solos; other features of the programme calling for no comment. Mr. Manns resumed his accustomed post as conductor.

The Saturday afternoon Popular Concert of Feb. 9 brought forward Mr. J. Kruse as leading violinist. He is, we believe, an Australian, a pupil of Joachim; and his performances in the principal parts of a string quartet of Schubert, and a string trio by Beethoven, and in Spohr's "Scena Cantante," manifested much executive skill and artistic intelligence. Mr. Max Pauer reappeared as solo pianist, and Miss M. Hall contributed vocal pieces.—At the Monday evening concert of Feb. 11, Mr. Kruse was again the leading violinist, besides having played (with pianoforte accompaniment) a solo sonata by Tartini. The violinist confirmed the favourable impression previously made. Mr. Max Pauer was again the solo pianist on Feb. 11, Miss L. Lina having been the vocalist.

The third series of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts, at St. James's Hall is near its completion, the ninth evening concert having taken place, leaving but one more to come, and a second and final afternoon performance. The programme of the recent evening concert included Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, the remainder of the selection having consisted of music by Wagner, in tribute to the memory of this composer, who died on Feb. 13, 1883.

The latest of Mr. John Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, at St. James's Hall, included a copious selection of old English ballads, compositions of a class that retain a permanent hold on the sympathies of a British public, both on account of their genuine musical interest and from the force of association in the minds of hearers of a certain age. The arrangements, as

usual at Mr. Boosey's concerts, included the engagement of some of our most eminent vocalists.

That meritorious and flourishing institution, the Highbury Philharmonic Society, gave the third concert of its eleventh season on Feb. 11, when the announced programme comprised Mendelssohn's Scotch symphony, Macfarren's "May Day," and a selection from Wagner's works. The performances, conducted by Mr. G. H. Betjemann, with the co-operation of a chorus and full orchestra, and competent solo vocalists, have for some time past attained an efficiency which, not many years ago, would have been deemed impossible in a suburban institution. Such results must be especially welcome to the populous neighbourhood in which the performances take place.

The programme of Mr. Isidore De Lara's vocal recital at Steinway Hall on Feb. 12 included some of those drawing-room songs composed by him which have gained much favour both in public and in private; his own vocal performances and those of Mrs. L. Moncrieff and the juvenile Mdlle. Naudin having been features in the announcements.

Fräulein Geisler-Schubert, a pianist and grandniece of the great composer Franz Schubert, gave a concert at Princes' Hall on Feb. 13, when the programme consisted of Schubert's compositions; Mdlle. Fillunger having been announced as vocalist, and Herr Straus and Mr. E. Howell, respectively, as violinist and violoncellist.

Mr. Max Heinrich's third vocal recital, at Steinway Hall on Feb. 13, put forward a good programme, assigned to himself and Miss L. Little, and including the name of Madame Haas as pianist.

The first of two vocal recitals by Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, at Princes' Hall, was announced for Feb. 15; Mdlle. Jeanne Doste, a skilful young pianist, having given a recital of music by Schumann and Brahms on the previous afternoon in the same locale.

Miss Hope Temple announces an attractive morning concert for Thursday, Feb. 28, at Steinway Hall, where she will be assisted by that distinguished pianist, Mrs. Charles Yates (Mrs. Dutton Cook), by Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Arthur Oswald, Miss Annie Hughes, and Mr. Alfred Cammeyer, the zither banjoist.

The annual report presented to the fourth annual meeting of the Drury-lane Working Girls' House and Day Nursery stated that the committee had done some quiet and useful work which might have a deep effect on the lives of many of the girls who had used the house during the year. The house is intended to provide safe lodgings and a comfortable home for

working girls in the neighbourhood, and for young servants friendless in London. The objects of the institution were warmly commended by Mr. Justice Grantham.

Mr. Richard Benyon, of Englefield House, Reading, has added to previous expressions of interest in the work of the Christian Evidence Society by forwarding a donation of £100.

The Earl of Northbrook has been presented with the freedom of the city of Winchester, and elected unanimously to the office of Lord High Steward, rendered vacant by the death of Viscount Eversley.

At the request of Sir Coutts Lindsay, the following artists have consented to act as a Hanging Committee for the summer exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery:—Messrs. W. A. Orchardson, R.A., Luke Fildes, R.A., E. J. Gregory, A.R.A., A. S. Wortley, G. P. Jacomb-Hood, and E. A. Waterlow.

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, held on Feb. 8, the society's gold medal was awarded to M. Loewy, of the Paris Observatory, for his Equatorial Coudé, his method of determining the constant of aberration, and his other astronomical researches.

An al fresco fair and floral fête on a grand scale, and of an original and picturesque description, will be held at the Royal Albert Hall, on May 29 next and two following days, in aid of the funds of the Grosvenor Hospital for Women and Children, Vincent-square, S.W. for the rebuilding of which a sum of £15,000 is required. This "society show" will be under the direct patronage of the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Mary Adelaide.

At a meeting of the School Board for London on Feb. 7, Sir Richard Temple, M.P., Chairman of the Finance Committee, made his annual Budget statement. He said that the rate for 1889-90 would be over 8*4*d., or 8*3*6d. Unless the expenses of the teaching staff were kept well in hand, the proposed rate would not suffice beyond the coming year, and even within the year the cash balance might be encroached upon. The debate on the reception of the precept was adjourned. It was decided that the Board should borrow £60,000 from the Metropolitan Board of Works. There was a short discussion relating to the employment of children in pantomimes. A resolution was adopted indorsing the action of the Committee who ordered the prosecutions.—The returning officer for the recent School Board election (Sir Thomas Chambers, Q.C.) has issued his precepts to the various rating authorities for the providing of the expenses of the proceedings. The total cost for the whole metropolis was £9260 12s. 2d., as against £10,465 7s. 1d. at the election in 1885. In 1888 there were thirty-two more polling-stations than in 1885.

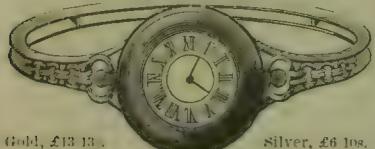
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## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

It is pleasant to find that her Majesty, though the Jubilee of her reign has been celebrated, is yet willing to inaugurate reforms in her Court arrangements, when she comes to feel that such changes are desirable. The open mind and the readiness to accept new ideas which have ever distinguished the Queen have, indeed, had more to do with our legislative and social progress than, perhaps, may be fully understood by people who have never been in a position to observe the tremendous personal power and authority which the Sovereign's opinion and wish have over men of high political position. Such men themselves—statesmen who know the facts—are always ready to admit that the progress of the Victorian era owes not a little to the calm, unprejudiced spirit with which its many innovations have been regarded by the Queen. But though not everybody may realise this width of view in its bearing on great matters, everybody will be able to understand that it is no small matter for her Majesty, in the fifty-second year of her reign, to have sanctioned any degree of innovation in her Court etiquette.

There seems, however, to be a good deal of misunderstanding about what the Queen has ordered. The low Court bodice is not abolished; it is not even made entirely optional. What has been done is that her Majesty has authorised the Lord Chamberlain to grant leave to wear a high bodice to any lady who chooses to make written application for that indulgence; and that the medical certificate that wearing a low bodice would endanger the loyal subject's life, which has hitherto been required before the concession of a high neck was made, will no longer be demanded. Furthermore, her Majesty has approved of a choice of two very pretty models being made the uniform of those women who wish to go in high-necked gowns. It is very likely that but small difference will appear practically in the Drawingroom gowns as a consequence of the new regulations. Very few society women will care to apply for the formal permission to wear the high bodice, unless either advancing years or very delicate health makes exposure of neck and arms undesirable. Young and tolerably robust women will not care to assume the protective concealment. The liberal display to the casual gazer of their personal charms, and their lovely gowns, and their gorgeous gems, which many of them now make as they sit in their carriages in the Mall, is a purely voluntary offering. They could remain covered by their wraps if they chose; and considering how large a proportion of them are found graciously lowering their carriage-cloaks and allowing the public this non-compulsory display, it is easy to conclude that most women will not desire to avail themselves of the proffered grace of concealing their beauty within the shelter of the palace walls. What is secured is safety for those who need it, and a removal of responsibility for the consequences of full dress from the august hostess to the guests themselves.

I have inspected the model bodices approved by her Majesty, at the residence of Miss Metcalfe, the dressmaker to the Duchess of Buccleuch, Mistress of the Robes. The description of the styles published without authority by some newspapers last week does not give at all a correct notion. The new high Court costume is really as follows: Model No. 1, most suitable for elderly ladies, is made high, but cut open square in front, and turned back with straight revers, about four inches wide, so as to leave an open square at the top of the bodice. This square is then filled in, from neck to bust,

with a flat fichu, composed of fine knife-pleatings of India muslin, or other delicate white fabric, which may be laid over a white silk foundation, so as to be thoroughly protective. This fichu is arranged so as to leave the narrowest possible V open just at the top, and this is almost covered with prettily gathered or draped lace, which forms the edge of the fichu. At the back the bodice has a high collar—a sort of Medici—terminating at each shoulder seam, where the ruffle of lace that edges the fichu begins. Below the muslin fichu a vest (or stomacher) is inserted, which is made of any material to match the rest of the dress; this, of course, goes from the bust to the pointed edge of the bodice, and it, as well as the revers, may be trimmed with diamonds or other jewels, or have brooches pinned in, or flowers laid across, or feathers artistically placed at the edge, or any other trimming put on or beside it that may be desired. The essential points are the high back collar, the revers turned from the square filled in with muslin and lace, and the half-vest or stomacher below the bust. This bodice has elbow sleeves of the material, finished with a small square turned-up cuff, and deep ruffles of lace, draped and caught up on to the cuff so as to give an artistic finish.

Model No. 2 is different mainly in being cut down at the back to just the top of the shoulders—precisely low enough, in fact, to show off a necklace nicely; the front is open in a very narrow heart-shaped cut, down which lace is arranged, and may be ruffled over a white silk foundation so as almost to cover the chest. Any draping of material, flowers, &c., may be used to edge that opening, and to complete the front of the bodice below the bust. The sleeves are to reach the elbow, but may be transparent. The length of the train, the white gloves, and the white tips with either a veil or lapels of lace on the head, are all to be worn as usual with either of these new bodices. Now, it will be rather interesting to observe how many will avail themselves of her Majesty's concession at the drawing-room on Feb. 26.

Novelties in stationery are constantly appearing. A white ink is the latest invention, with which very surprising effects are produced by writing upon tinted note-paper. The vulgar monstrosities that sometimes appear in the way of coloured letter-papers usually have but a brief career. A lady's writing materials cannot be too dainty, and such an offensive object as a sheet of blood-red note-paper, or such a squalid and coarse imitation as that of the thick white-brown paper used by grocers for sugar-bags, can never have any charm for a woman of refinement. Tinted note-paper is much used, however, the most fashionable being a blue-grey patronised by the Princess of Wales, who has embossed in gold letters on that grey ground her residence and crown on the right hand side, and her Christian name written in imitation of her autograph slantingly across the left corner of the top of the sheet. Lady De Grey uses this blue-grey paper with her initials "G. De G." in plain relief. Her envelopes are closed with an excellent imitation of a seal embossed, as though in grey wax, with the monogram and coronet in its centre. Metallic effects are much sought after by people who like show; there is a black bronze used on pale chocolate paper, in very large but quite plain letters, for the name of a great country-house, that is most effective. A pretty new white paper is watered and glazed so that it looks like a moiré silk, and the address on this comes out well in verdigris. On a rough, hand-made paper with the "uncut"—i.e., irregular—edges characteristic of that make, an address is plainly embossed in white, shown up by a broad outlining band of bright red.

Miss Cons, the lady who has been chosen as a London Alderman, is known, I am told, as the manager of a "Mission" in South London. Lady Sandhurst's seat is being contested by Mr. Beresford-Hope, an unsuccessful candidate at the election. This gallant and public-spirited gentleman is a relative of Lord Salisbury, and also of the late "Right Hon. A. J." of that ilk, who was always one of the stanchest opponents of Woman's Suffrage in the House of Commons.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

At the annual Court of Governors of the Marine Society, held at the offices, 54½, Bishopsgate-street, on Feb. 7, the committee reported that there were 200 boys on board on Jan. 1, 1888, and that during the year 323 were admitted. Of these 261 were sent into the merchant service, thirty-one to the Royal Navy, thirty-two were discharged to their homes, &c., and there remained on board and at the agents on Dec. 31 last 199.

The Executive Council of the British Section of the Paris Exhibition have obtained the use of an office—42, Chausée d'Antin, Paris—to which all communications may be addressed to the British Commissioner, Mr. H. Truman Wood. In response to an appeal from Sir Frederick Leighton, the Chairman of the Committee, over £900 have been subscribed for the Fine Arts Section, and it is hoped that this amount will be largely increased by private liberality. The Council of the British Section have also set aside from their general revenues a sum of £1500 for the Fine Arts, so that there is at present between £2400 and £2500 available. Contributions will be received by Sir Polydore de Keyser, the Chairman of the Executive; or by Sir Frederick Leighton, Chairman of the Fine Arts Committee, at 2, Walbrook, E.C.

In testimony of his goodwill towards the people of Kensington, among whom he has resided for many years, Mr. John Bell, the celebrated sculptor, has presented them with thirteen of his choicest works for the embellishment of their townhall. These statues have been placed as follows:—In the entrance-hall, "The Eagle-Slayer" and "A Daughter of Eve"; in a niche on the staircase, "Peace Contemplating a Map of the World"; on the landing, "Dorothea" and Horace's "Lalage"; in the large hall, "Falkland," "Clarendon," "Australasia," and "Armed Science." In the smaller hall are a statuette of "Albert the Good" and several portrait busts. There is also, near the entrance, a "Bust of the United States," from the admirable figure representing that country in the group at the Albert Memorial.

Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson writes as follows on behalf of the building fund for the New Hospital for Women: For sixteen years the New Hospital for Women in the Marylebone-road has afforded to poor women and children the option of obtaining medical advice from qualified women. The beds are always full, and there is a very large out-patient department. The hospital is the only place in which young medical women before going to India or elsewhere abroad can hold posts on the staff in order to gain the experience and self-reliance necessary in positions of serious responsibility. The lease of the houses hitherto occupied by the hospital has expired, and the committee have been obliged to decide upon building. A site has been bought in the Euston-road, and the cost of it and the building will be £20,000. Of this sum nearly £11,000 has been raised, and the committee urgently appeal for further donations, which may be sent to the Secretary, 222, Marylebone-road, or to Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, 4, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square.

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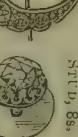
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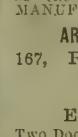
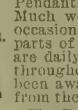
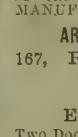
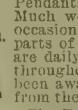
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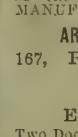
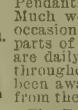
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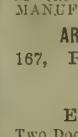
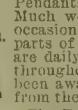
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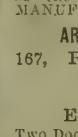
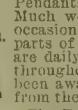
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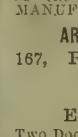
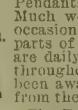
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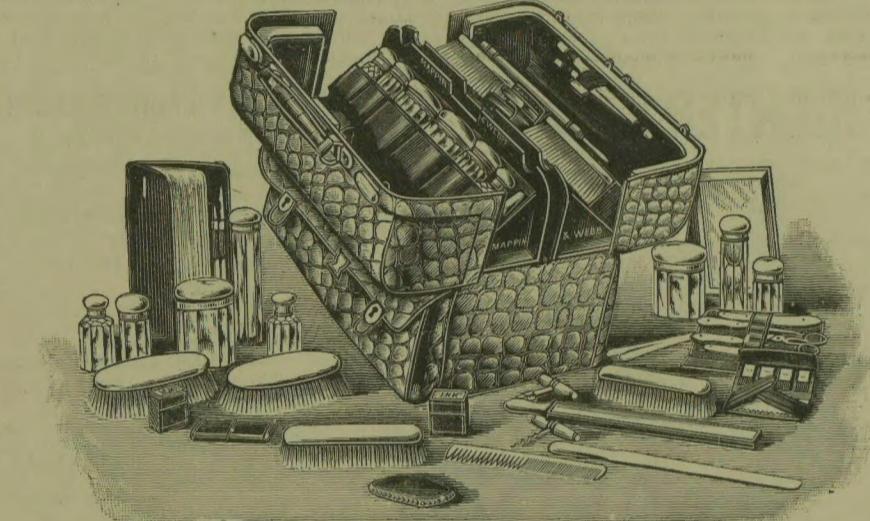
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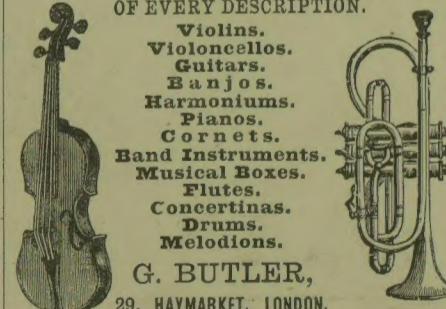
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1886) of the Rev. Stephen Parkinson, D.D., F.R.S., late of The Hermitage, Newnham, and St. John's College, Cambridge, who died on Jan. 2, was proved on Jan. 31 by Mrs. Elizabeth Lucy Parkinson, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to upwards of £111,000. The testator leaves all the real and personal estate of which he may die possessed to his wife for her own absolute use.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1873), with a codicil (dated May 5, 1886), of Mr. William Henry Beane Trego, late of "Brokes," Reigate, Surrey, and No. 186, Bishopsgate-street Without, merchant, who died on Oct. 20, was proved on Feb. 1 by Mrs. Anna Trego, the widow, William Wilson Smith, and George Stratford Hunt, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £98,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 and annuities of £200 to each of his nieces, Elizabeth Trego Birt and Mary Birt, and to his nephew, Josiah Birt, and the said annuities are to be continued after their respective deaths to their children, but Mrs. Trego is to have the option at any time of commutating them by the payment of £4000 for each annuity; £500 each to William Wilson Smith and George Stratford Hunt; an annuity of £150 to Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, for life, and then to her son William, for his life; an annuity of £150 to Mrs. Annie Cudlip, and, on her death, a sum of £3000 to her children; £500 to his clerk, William Simee; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, for life, and then as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 4, 1887) of Mr. Thomas Whittaker, late of Prospect-hill, Walton-le-Dale, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 5, was proved on Dec. 17, at the Lancaster District Registry, by John Heywood, the nephew, and Robert Whittaker and John Whittaker, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £85,000. The testator devises all his real estate at Walton-le-Dale to his son Robert, for life, and then, as he shall appoint, to his children; and all his real property at Alston, Hothersall, and Dilworth, upon like trusts, for his son John. He gives £500 to his son Robert; and the use, for life, of his household furniture and effects to his wife and then to his said two sons, in equal shares. The residue of his property he leaves, as to four sevenths, to his son Robert, and three sevenths to his son John, upon the same trusts as the real estate devised to them.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1887), with a codicil (dated Sept. 4, 1888), of Mr. Edmond Foster, late of No. 2, Scropeterrace, and No. 10, Trinity-street, Cambridge, solicitor, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on Feb. 1 by John Ebenezer Foster,

the son, and Charles Wentworth Stanley, his grandson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £34,000. The testator bequeaths £1200 each to his grandchildren, Muriel and Hubert Foster; £100 each to his grandsons Charles and Alan Stanley; an annuity of £80 to his daughter-in-law, Arabella Foster; and £100 to his servant, George Sturgeon. He appoints, so far as he lawfully can, the "Bousfield Trust Funds" to his children, John, Mrs. Stanley, and Mrs. Muriel. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his said three children, his son Edmond having had payments made on his account during testator's lifetime.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1885), with two codicils (dated July 9, 1872, and June 9, 1883), of Mr. Arthur Thomas Malkin, late of Corrybrough, Inverness, and No. 21, Wimpole-street, who died on Nov. 18, was proved on Jan. 8, by Mrs. Thomasine Eliza Malkin, the widow, and Herbert Charles Malkin, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £31,000. Subject to the gift of part of his furniture, pictures, &c., to his wife, and legacies to his gillies and shepherds, the testator gives, disposes, and assigns the whole of his means and estate, both real and personal, in Scotland, to his nephew, Herbert Charles Malkin. He bequeaths £300 to his grieve, Alexander Fraser; numerous shares and stocks to his said nephew, and to his niece, Miss Gertrude Louise Malkin; and with these exceptions he leaves the residue of his property to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1885), with a codicil (dated Jan. 23, 1886), of Mrs. Louise Marie Manby-Colegrave, late of No. 24, Onslow-square, South Kensington, who died on Jan. 5, was proved on Jan. 30 by Thomas Manby-Colegrave, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2200 to Miss Frances Cassidy; £200 each to her sisters-in-law, Mrs. Sergison, and Mrs. Robertson; £1000 to her niece, Florence Colegrave; £200 to William Slaughter; £300 to her maid; £6000, upon certain trusts, for her son William Richard and his children; £100 to the Rev. Francis O'Carroll; £100 to the Superior of the Oratory, Brompton; £400 each to the Refuge for Penitent Women (Water-lane, Stratford), and the Secular Clergy New Fund; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her son Thomas, absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 1, 1888) of Lieutenant-Colonel John Augustus Conolly, V.C., R.M., late of the Curragh, Kildare, who died on Dec. 23, was proved in London on Feb. 2 by Thomas Pakenham Law, Q.C., and the Very Rev. Thomas Hare, D.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testator, out of the funds of his marriage settlement,

appoints £302 to his daughter, Geta Catherine Aileen; £890 and £452 to his daughter, Oonah Edwina; and £2436 and £452 to each of his other children, John Richard, Irene Beatrice, and Louise Augusta; and there are other bequests to his children. The residue of his property he leaves to his

children. The will (written by himself and dated Dec. 7, 1887), of Count Carlo Felice Nicolis Di Robilant, late of No. 20, Grosvenor-square, and of Turin, Italy, formerly the Italian Ambassador in England, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Feb. 1 by the Marquis Galazzo Ludovico Scarampi, the brother-in-law and sole executor, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £1400. The testator bequeaths his house in Turin and all his furniture, carriages, horses, &c., to his wife, the Countess Maria Edmonda Da Nicolis Di Robilant; his villa of the Gingotto, the villa of St. Albano, Stura, with the furniture and contents thereof, and 105,000 lire to his eldest son, Count Edmondo Nicolis Di Robilant; his estate of Carpeneto, Casalgrasso, and 100,000 lire to his son Luigi; his estate of Coreaglio and 80,000 lire to his son Carlo; and 240,000 lire each to his daughters, Maria, Teresa, and Elisabetta Nicolis Di Robilant. The residue of his personal estate is to be divided between the before-named legatees, in the same proportions as their respective legacies. His will concludes with the words: "I pray to God of his mercy to enable me to live out the years which still remain to me as a Catholic Christian, and as an honest man, devoted to my King and country, as I have hitherto been."

We are indebted to Messrs. Fradelle and Young, of the Photo-Mezzotint Gallery, 246, Regent-street, for the photographs of the following members of the London County Council:—Mr. C. C. Cramp, Mr. H. J. Powell, Mr. W. P. Bullivant, Mr. T. W. Maule, Mr. R. A. Germaine, Mr. P. Young, Mr. Horatio Myer, Alderman Haggis, Mr. S. M. Samuel, Sir G. D. Harris, Mr. A. M. Torrance, Mr. W. Saunders, and Mr. A. B. Hopkins. The photographs of Mr. J. Beck and Mr. E. Austin were by the London Stereoscopic Company; those of Lieutenant-Colonel Rotton, Mr. W. Hunter, Mr. J. A. Rentoul, and Mr. J. Hutton, by Messrs. G. Russell and Sons, of South Kensington; that of Mr. J. Rolls Hoare, by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker-street; that of Captain Probyn, by Lombardi and Co., Pall-mall East; that of Mr. H. S. Marks, by Mr. T. Fall, Baker-street; that of Earl Compton, by Mr. Graham, of Leamington; that of Mr. A. Arter, by Messrs. Hughes and Mullins, of Ryde; and that of Mr. R. Antrobus, by Mr. H. P. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells.

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FEBRUARY.  
Saturday, 16th.  
LES PECHEURS DE PERLES. Madame Fides-Devries.  
Messieurs Dupuy, Soulacroix, Degrave. Tuesday, 19th.—Saturday, 23rd.  
RIGOLETO. Messdames Fides-Devries, Bouland; Messieurs Dupuy, Soulacroix, Degrave. Tuesday, 26th.  
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS. Messdames Deschamps, Bouland; Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulacroix, Bouland. MARCH.  
Saturday, 2nd.  
LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS. Messdames Deschamps, Bouland; Messieurs Delaquerrière, Soulacroix. Tuesday, 12th.—Saturday, 16th.  
MANON. Madame Vaillant-Couturier; Messieurs Talzac, Soulacroix, Degrave. Tuesday, 19th.—Saturday, 23rd.  
ROMEO ET JULIETTE. Mademoiselle Simonnet; Messieurs Talzac, Soulacroix, Degrave. Tuesday, 26th.—Saturday, 30th.  
LE ROI D'YS. Messdames Deschamps, Simonnet; Messieurs Talzac, Soulacroix, Degrave. There will be a diversion by the CORPS DE BALLET at each representation.

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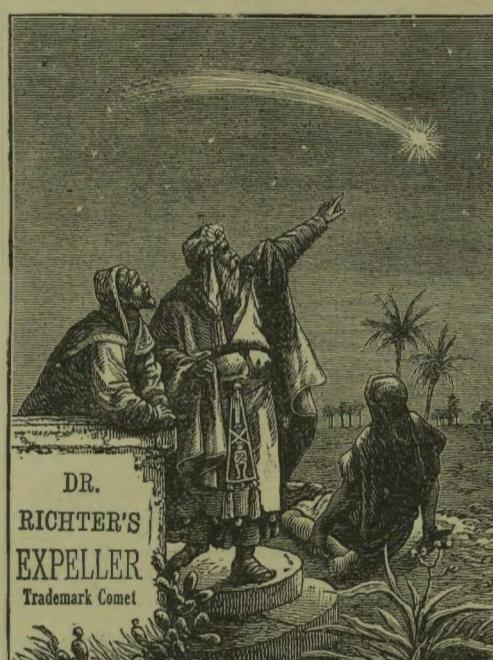
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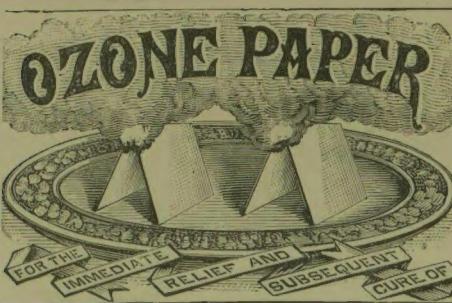


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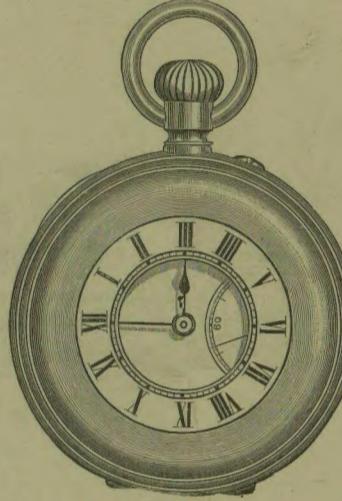
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